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The Mirror.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Have the MIRROR sent after you.

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* * *

EQUALITY.

THERE is much talk nowadays of equality, in connection with the Constitution and the Flag, the disfranchisement of the negro, the exclusion of the Chinese, etc. The MIRROR PAMPHLET for June is made up of a consideration of the theory of equality set forth in Edward Bellamy's book of that title. The little essay doesn't pretend to exhaust the subject. It only points out some of the points in which the theory appears to be a fallacious one, and of evil effect if applied. "Equality," as reviewed by the editor of the MIRROR, will be found an interesting expression of a personal view, if nothing more.

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REFLECTIONS.

God and the Rich Man

"ROCKEFELLER'S church struck by lightning," was a headline in the papers, a few days since.

We used to think a church was God's house, but we've changed all that in these latter days. Now a church is spoken of as the church of its richest member or parishioner. And it's logical. The contemporaneous rich man seems to run his church simply by virtue of paying its bills. When he pays the pastor's salary, the lighting bills, the coal bills, the organist's salary, the rich man reserves to himself the right to dictate the doctrine to be taught, and as the doctrine is his doctrine, the church becomes his church. Very soon, if matters go on as they have been going, we shall find that our rich men, like the nobility of England, will have livings at their disposal. They will have their preacher as they have their private secretaries or their butlers and be as much masters of the preacher's actions. They will make of the preachers, as in many instances in the big cities they have already made, parasites. The preachers will not preach Christ and Him crucified, but the patron and him glorified. The tendency doesn't manifest itself in any particular sect above the others. In every sect we hear of preachers who had to get out of pulpits because they did or said or failed to do or to say something, that some rich church member did not wish or did desire. The preacher who can't get "next" and stay "next" to the wealthy people in his congregation eventually has to get out. His doctrine must be suited to his hearers of the wealthy class or the wealthy classes will find some preacher who is willing to tell what his auditors wish to hear. The preacher with a mistress-keeping patron dare not discuss the seventh commandment. The preacher with a clientele of gambling speculators dares not preach about business morality. None of the fashionable vices may be denounced to persons who have them all. The wealthy members of a congregation will not be told their sins. They don't want to hear anything but generalities and those generalities of the most scattering sort. The word of God must be made to conform to the prejudices of the well-to-do. The toes of the wealthy must not be trampled upon. The Bible must be expurgated of everything tending to confirm the saying about the camel, the needle's eye and the rich man entering heaven. And so the church that Mr. Rockefeller attends, or the church that Mr. Pierpont Morgan attends, is no longer the church of God, but the church of Mr. Rockefeller or of Mr. Morgan. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, there are churches known as millionaire churches. They are pointed out as having memberships aggregating so-and-so-much wealth. They are remarkable, not for the good they do, but for the fact that so many millionaires frequent them at certain times and condescend to bestow upon God and religion their distinguished consideration for an hour or two at a time, provided God's minister doesn't remind them of anything unpleasant that God may have said concerning any of the things that millionaires do in their pursuit of business or pleasure. The eyes of the congregation are turned on the richest man present. The preacher preaches soft-soap at him. The choir sings the music he likes. Religion is the millionaire's handmaiden and the service is designed for his delectation just as a vaudeville show might be designed to the same end. The religion of the wealthy is a new growth. It is not a religion at all. It is an organized system of flattery of rich people perpetrated by preachers who do not worship God, but do worship the patrons who pay their living expenses and take them on trips in private cars or to Europe. These million-

aire churches are increasing and consequently religion is decreasing. The wealthy are growing into the habit of thinking of religion or of church attendance as being only a matter of social form. The church is not much better thought of than the theater. The wealthy do as they please and the church rarely brings them to task for their follies or their sins. If a preacher accidentally gives a swell congregation the gospel with the bark on the incident becomes a sensation. In view of all of which, it is wonderful that, if there be a God who deals out lightning, as we used to believe, many more of the millionaire's churches are not stricken with bolts of shattering and consuming flame. In too much of our present religion God is made to take a back seat for the rich man. The rich man cuts out anything, that God has said, that he doesn't like. The rich man hires preachers and builds churches to have incense burned to him, not to his Maker. And the result of this is that the poor man begins to see that religion is of a different brand according to the wealth of him to whom it is preached. The old religion disappears. The sermons to the wealthy are becoming aesthetic essays on timely topics. The poor man, therefore, won't stand for hell-fire and damnation. The preachers to the rich are sinking to the level of mere parlor entertainers. The rich have a bastard religion that means nothing. The poor have no religion to speak of. They prefer the summer garden or the continuous theatrical performance. If they go to church at all they are apt to go to the church that puts up the best show and can exhibit a few millionaires in the front pews down the center aisle. Most clergymen will agree that this statement of the case is true. None of them has any remedy, or if, perchance, any of them have a remedy, that remedy is something along the lines of a general revolution the mere mention of which makes them "anarchists" in the eyes of the wealthy, and puts them under a cloud with the managing geniuses of their denominations. The preacher who can't get money is not in good standing with his superiors. He can't get it from those who haven't got it. Therefore he must cater to the rich or be dangerous and submit to being marooned in some country charge or city slum work. The churches need a shaking up. The churches are becoming decadent and spineless. They are more under the influence of wealth than is the government, and it is church truckling to wealth that sets the fashion of sycophancy among the people.

* * *

Dayton Philanthropy

ARTICLES in the MIRROR upon the Cash Register Strike, at Dayton, are still fruitful of letters to the editor, either for or against the philanthropic corporation. The letters are either too long, or too uninterestingly abusive to be published. The friends of the philanthropic corporation are invariably vituperative. The letters received from some of the workmen are devoted to defenses of the Union Labor principle. The MIRROR, so far as the Cash Register strike is concerned, does not care to enter upon the discussion of the issue between Union Labor and the employer. This paper has only insisted that the efforts of the corporation to make the employees clean and pious and provident according to the employers' not the employees' notions, was a mistake, and that the mistake became offensive when the efforts were advertised widely in order to boom the business of the corporation. The employees were treated well, in a way, but it was not their way. They were forced into a sort of common mold and they resented it. A workman at the factory summed the situation up in this fashion in a statement to a representative of the New York Journal. "We couldn't eat the beautiful flowers, we couldn't wear the fine books, we hated to have it understood we were so dirty we needed signs reading, 'This way to the bath-rooms,' in

The Mirror

front of our work-benches; we hated to be expected to go to religious services willy-nilly. We are almost all of us born and bred Americans—sober, decent, and industrious, as our late employers will tell you, but we are not inmates of an institution, even if it is the model one of the sort in the world. We are sick of cant." Whatever may have been the intention of the employers towards their workers, the result has not been satisfactory to either. The workers want their liberty. They want to be good or elegant or joyful in their own way. They don't want to live by a rule imposed upon them by people whose only claim to a right to do so is that they pay the wages of those upon whom the rule is imposed. People want to live their own lives, not lives laid out and regulated by others.

* * *

The Fair In The Forest.

THE Fair in the Forest! There's an idea and a popular name for the St. Louis World's Fair. It will be a Fair in a forest and in as beautiful a bit of forest as can be found anywhere. The park wilderness will be preserved to the greatest possible extent, according to the unofficial statements of the architects and landscape gardeners, and the luxuriantly wild stretch of fragrant nature will be a splendid setting for the masterpieces of art. The preservation of the forest and its utilization as it is in the Fair scheme will make the enterprise uniquely beautiful. The wilderness stands just as it was when the Louisiana territory was transferred by Napoleon. Some of the trees there were ancient long before Laclede landed here in his barge. By all means let us make the great show the Fair in the Forest, and if we must have a new name for the place that in other Fairs has been called the Midway, what's the matter with carrying out the arboreal suggestion still farther and christening the thoroughfare "Folly Lane?"

* * *

China and the Allies

FOR information, bluntly stated, Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor's book, "China and The Allies," is the best obtainable thus far. It is in two bulky volumes, written with a sledge hammer and reeking with prejudice, though professedly impartial. There is no particular style about the writing. The author comes very near to calling a spade a spade and the reader feels that he is in mental touch with a real, true, simon-pure, bloody Britisher. Mr. Savage Landor has no mercy upon the Buddhist priests. He blames them for the Boxer outbreak, and he insists that it was through their influence that the Chinese court encouraged the outbreak. He makes a clear case, apparently, against the court, by translations of documents, etc., His description of the siege of the legations and the attack upon Pekin and the relief of the besieged is a fine piece of terse writing illuminated by many well-told incidents. He succeeds in presenting a vivid picture of the sack of the capital and his writing is helped out wonderfully by a number of ghastly photographs of the victims of Boxer atrocities. The book is marked by a fine tribute to the character of the American soldiery under Chaffee, although, evidently, Mr. Landor is inclined to censure the American government for its policy all through the Chinese incident. His scorn for the Salisbury government's attitude in the early stages of the trouble is unlimited and so flatly expressed that, at times, his vehemence becomes laughable. The author takes a side shot at the missionaries now and then, and, in the main, has contributed to the world's information as to the missionary influence, evidence tending strongly to support the general contention that some gospellers in China were a decidedly rapacious set when it came to presenting claims for indemnity. He believes, too, that the missionaries helped along the Boxer cause by too much meddling in Chinese affairs in the various provinces. Though almost brutally British Mr. Landor has many fine things to say of the Russians and he admires especially the freedom of Russian officers from the superstition of red tape. The whole story of the imbroglio is told with a directness that becomes, finally, almost tiresome. One wishes, now and then, for a patch of writing that would more attractively set forth the

facts. There are such patches, but not enough of them. The book is hardly literature, but it is excellent reporting, even though Mr. Landor does, somehow, by his method, suggest to you that caricature Dickens drew of his distinguished ancestor in one of his novels. After the lamas, who are brothers to those who persecuted him in Thibet, Mr. Landor seems most to dislike Sir Claude McDonald and is so unsparing of blame that one can hardly help feeling that the attacks are unfair. The book is fairly soaked in the characteristics of its author and for that reason is interesting even when one suspects the intensity of the writer. With all its faults the book is the best and most individual account yet given us of the Oriental crisis. Readers of the newspapers will be surprised to find out how the press really did report the event in China. This book simply elaborates the newspaper dispatches. It gives you fuller details of matters with the main features of which the cablegrams have already made us familiar. At times the book corrects or reverses the impressions given by the papers, but all through the two volumes the thought is continually suggested that the Chinese war was more fully and carefully covered by the correspondents than any similar event in modern times. Mr. Landor might have compressed his book to a very great extent if he had taken time, but in these days a book must be on the market while the subject is still hot, and so there is little opportunity for effective condensation and arrangement. When all fault has been found, the fact remains that the story is all there and the intelligent reader will be able to form from this recital a grasp of the nature of the Chinese troubles and of the conduct of the allies such as is obtainable from no other book. The work is published by the Scribners, New York.

* * *

The Boom

THE general St. Louis boom seems to have struck the St. Louis ball team of late. Everything is coming our way, from such literary triumphs as "The Crisis" and "Sonnets To a Wife" to base ball championships.

* * *

The Gas Man From Delaware

IT is interesting to observe the frankness with which the vulgarity and corruption of Addicks, of Delaware, are discussed in the organs of both the great parties. A scorching study of Addicks, in *Ainslee's Magazine*, has been reproduced in fragments in all the papers, so generally reproduced in fact that it looks almost as if there were an anti-Addicks press bureau at work endeavoring to pillory the gas man for all time. Addicks is a cheap and coarse and cunning specimen of the new rich man. There is no denying that. He is debauching Delaware in the most unblushing fashion. But, if everything said of him in all the papers of the land be true, Addicks is not really a worse man than other men in the United States Senate, to a seat in which body the gas man aspires. Nothing urged against Addicks is any worse than what has been proved against Clark, of Montana. He is guilty of nothing more heinous than a hundred things that have been proved against Quay. His rise to political importance in Delaware has been achieved by methods that do not differ widely from those that brought Hanna to the front in Ohio. He may be ignorant and tasteless and tactless, but he is not worse than many other Senators in this respect. There are many people who cannot see that J. Edward Addicks is so very different in his career from, let us say, Stephen B. Elkins. Addicks has made a fortune by tricks of trade that are said to have been dishonorable, but we know that Senators have shaken the plum-tree, officially, for their own benefit, that they have speculated upon the foreseen effects of their own votes on sugar and silver and other matters and subjects. In the quite general execration of the man from Delaware, there is nothing discoverable that accounts for its unanimity. Addicks is a sharper, a crass, brazen corruptionist, yet there are a dozen or more Senators in the Upper House who are popularly believed to represent corporations rather than commonwealths. Addicks has not displayed in politics the finesse that has characterized his business manœuvres, but even at that he has not been

more openly defiant of public opinion and public morality than the great Platt, of New York. The general abuse of Addicks is a mystery, especially the abuse in Republican papers that accept and applaud Quay and Platt and Hanna. No one can approve of Addicks in any sense, but one somewhat versed in the ways of the world may be pardoned for suspecting that the concerted attack upon the gas man has behind it the money and influence of some one desirous of getting Addicks out of the way. Some other millionaire is, probably, after the place for which Addicks has been plotting these many years. It is likely that money is being used to fight him now that his money has made him strong enough in Delaware to be dangerous. A party that accepts as leaders such men as are now reckoned as Republican leaders in the United States Senate is absurd when it gags at Addicks. He is not the first Republican, or Democrat, who has bought, or tried to buy, a seat in the Senate. He is not more unfitted, mentally and morally, for a seat in the Senate than at least half a dozen men who now hold seats therein. What is the reason that, at this time, so many Republican papers are so intensely indignant over the Addicks tactics? Whom do the Administration machine want to have the place sought by the gas man? We shall see, later on.

* * *

Two Good Men Gone

WITHIN the past two week's St. Louis lost two citizens of a type none too common in this community. I allude to Mr. Peter L. Foy and Mr. George E. Leighton, whose deaths have been recorded in the daily papers. They were men of culture in all the best sense of the term. They were men of cheerful disposition, appreciating all the amenities of life. They loved their fellowmen even more than they loved their books and pictures, and their wealth was incidental to their personalities, never offensively obtruded. They had a keen interest in all civic affairs, were broadly partisan as to principles of government, but non-partisan in the sense that they did not hesitate to avow themselves against their parties when the men in temporary ascendancy in those parties belied professed principles of good government. Mr. Foy, a life-long Democrat, was one of the first men, locally, to repudiate the Chicago platform. Mr. Leighton, a Republican, entered heartily into a movement to redeem the city from a corrupt Republican administration. Both men were efficient writers and speakers on topics of eternal interest to men. Both lived modestly and sanely, and died in gracious old age. St. Louis feels keenly their loss. Every good cause in the city has lost two good friends by the demise of these men. All citizens, and especially the younger citizens of better and higher aims and interests, will miss sadly the presence of two such worthy exemplars of both private and public virtue.

* * *

Vivisecting the Actor

THE MIRROR's serial story, "The Imitator," has now reached a stage of its progress in which the author is revealed as a wonderfully subtle psychologist. The study of the alleged soul of the actor, *Arthur Wantage*, is almost terrifying. It doesn't make much difference whom *Arthur Wantage* represents in actual life, the patent fact is that this is not the study of a man-soul, but of an actor-soul. The elaborate smallnesses, narrownesses, shallownesses of the actor's being, his continuous posing, his frightful egoism, are portrayed with a vividness that need not be expatiated upon. The actor is reduced, in "The Imitator," to his bare self, and as such it cannot be denied that the exposition has value even though it be revolting to persons who have ideals about the stage and its people. The study of the typical actor in "The Imitator" is the best thing in that line since Jules Claretie's "Brichanteau, Actor." It is not quite so genial. In fact, its mordancy sets the picture in a class different from that in which we place Claretie's portraiture. An actor has never been before under the knife of such a vivisectionist as the author of "The Imitator." The best of it is that in this portraiture there is a great deal of sound criticism of the art of acting, of the matters which make

the modern stage decadent. The chapters of last week and this week are, in effect, a protest against actor-worship, against the modern conditions in the theatre which put the actor above the playwright, and even above the people to whom the actor caters. These chapters will be doubly interesting if read in the light cast upon the subject of "The Future of the Drama," by Professor Walter Raleigh, in this number. The actor is a sham as to culture, as to feeling. He is only an instrument through which the playwright speaks. He utters only what others put into him, and yet he pretends to be the whole thing. He apes intelligence and assumes gentility and all the while is vulgar to the last extreme, vulgar with the vulgarity of many, superimposed pretenses, imitations, poses. The actor in "The Imitator" has as much genius as any actor ever had, but he is still something different from a real man. He is frenetic and fantastic in imitations of strong emotions or prejudices. His peculiarities are studied effects. His whole being is a false pretense and even his pretenses at pretending may be reduced to pretenses of pretenses of pretending. The actor-soul, in "The Imitator," is only an imitation soul after all and the author of the story shows that the only fundamental thing in the creature is a sort of vanity saved from being idiotic only by virtue of the bitterness of hatred which the actor-soul has for a world whose homage is really poorly-disguised contempt. The author of the MIRROR's serial story may be right or wrong in this appreciation of the infinitesimal littlenesses of the actor entity; that is not now the question. It is simply stated here that the author has succeeded in presenting to us a picture that is none the less interesting for possessing something of the revolting in its total effect. You could laugh at Brichanteau and love him. You may laugh at Wantage, but you despise and loathe him simply because you know the portraiture is ruthlessly true in every line and tint and tone.

* * *

McKinley and Evans

The unanimity of the Pension Attorneys against Pension Commissioner Evans is the best reason why that official should not be removed from office. Any man who has the courage to stand out against the demands of the pension sharks and refuses to interpret the law to their complete satisfaction deserves the support of all persons who do not believe in loot. President McKinley cannot do a more popular thing than refuse to dismiss Mr. Evans. If he would turn down the blatherskites demanding Evans' removal the President would effectively demonstrate that he really means it when he says he does not want a third term.

* * *

The Charter Amendments

WE can't have the New St. Louis we are all talking about until we get the means to inaugurate the work of improvement. We can't get the means to do the work until the Charter Amendments have been adopted. The Charter Amendments must be rushed through immediately. Those persons who are fighting the amendments in the municipal assembly are enemies of the city's best interests. The time in which the city can prepare for the World's Fair is very short, and the work to be done is very great. The work cannot be commenced a day, or an hour, too soon. The public has been very patient with the men who have been obstructing the Charter Amendments, but public patience has its limits. If the delay and obstruction be protracted much further, there may be occasion once more for indignation meetings and marches to the City Hall and talk of ropes. The politicians who are opposing the Charter Amendments have no excuse for their action. If, as they claim, the people are opposed to the amendments and to taxation for public improvements the people are at liberty to vote down the proposals, and the sooner they vote them down the sooner all suspense will be settled, and the city will know where it is "at." If the amendments are sure to be defeated why are the politicians afraid to let them go before the people? The MIRROR believes that it will take a hard fight to carry the amend-

ments, as there is a tremendously non-progressive sentiment in this city on the subject of taxation for improvements. This being the case, the only way to find out just how the city is going to stand on the subject is to put the question to the people at once. Delay is doing no good to the obstructionists. The obstructionists are usurping the right of all the people to decide the question and the motives of the delay are not believed to be of the highest when we reflect upon the character of the men who stand out against submission. If we cannot have good, clean streets, and all the other improvements which the city officers tell us and which we can see for ourselves we need, we might as well have no World's Fair. Every month that work is delayed the city grows more like a down-at-the-heel country village. The money that the people will be taxed under the Charter Amendments for public improvements will be quite a sum, to be sure, but if they refuse to tax themselves, they will thereby turn away from the city the twenty or thirty million dollars that will come to the city directly as a result of the World's Fair, to say nothing of the other millions that will be poured in here by visitors from all parts of the earth. Those people who oppose the Charter Amendments because they do not wish to pay for the improvements they clamor for, are simply biting off their noses to spite their faces. If they do not tax themselves the streets and sewers and public buildings will get into worse condition than they are now and then property will depreciate still more in value. If they won't pay a little more taxes they will find that the taxes they do pay will be more burdensome by reason of depreciation. If the Charter Amendments be defeated or choked off, the result will be a disastrous real-estate slump and an advertisement to the world that the city that had secured a \$20,000,000 Fair had not the public spirit to invest the money necessary to reap the benefits of such an enterprise. We must adopt the Charter Amendments or drop the World's Fair. We must spend a little money to put the city in shape or forego the benefits of all World's Fair expenditure in the city. The condition of the city is disgraceful, as to its public works. Opposition to the Charter Amendments means that to the opponents the disgraceful condition is eminently satisfactory. Opposition to the Charter Amendments is opposition to the success of the World's Fair and to improvement and progress.

* * *

The Late Prof. Fiske

THE late John Fiske was a great man. He was a great historian and a profound thinker. His latest work, "Through Nature to God," has given comfort to hundreds of thousands who thought they saw in modern science the annihilation of all religion. Professor Fiske's explanation of and apology for the existence of Pain and Evil in the world is probably the best that has been made in modern times. To the exact thinker, Professor Fiske, in the work in question, brings his logic to a triumphant conclusion by a final assumption or act of faith, but the hiatus in the argument is not perceptible to the many. Professor Fiske was infinitely the superior of Henry Drummond as a thinker along the line of reconciling religion and science, but at the end of all his reasoning he fell back, to a certain extent, upon his instincts and emotions to account for God's permission of the existence of Evil, just as Drummond did. Aside from his ratiocinative acuteness, Professor Fiske had other qualities. He was, perhaps, the most variously learned man in the United States. Nothing that was human was foreign to him. He was a simple man. He was a loveable man. He was the most delightful of informal monologists over a foaming Stein of beer. He had a lively wit and yet, while he could talk brilliantly in conversation, and while his writings had a charm or fascination that none could resist, when he took the platform his words became at once soporific. He was, probably, the dullest lecturer who ever lived and yet you could take the lecture that put you to sleep and read it in book form and arise therefrom intellectually stimulated and refreshed. Professor Fiske was a thorough American, not a blatant jingo, not one who could not see his country's and

his fellowmen's defects, but an American who found virtues secreted in those faults. He was stronger in his literary style, some say, than in his research, but, be that as it may, he knew the way to the people's mind and heart and when he had his pen in hand he took that way surely and directly. His work will live.

What's-the-Matter White on Hanna

William Allen White, editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, declares that he and his paper have admired Mark Hanna ever since he came into public life, and neither the editor nor the paper has been mealy-mouthed in saying why. And this is the why. "Hanna is a strong, sensible, capable, honest man and the foundation of his character is common sense. In every great emergency and in all the little ones, Hanna applies the rule of common sense to the solution of the problem before him. Then he applies a 400-horse-power dynamo of will and makes sensible things happen. The other day there was a state convention in Ohio. Hanna was chairman. He bossed the job. He shut off oratory, and all the world wondered. Yet why? Why should five hundred men sit cooped up in a hot hall to be bawled at by a lot of other men when there is business on hand? Hanna did the common sense thing. It took some courage to do it, but Hanna has courage. He is one of the greatest men in America, not merely to-day, but in American history. In effectiveness is getting history made and baled up and in the books with his brand on it. Hanna leads Blaine by a length and comes in a good second to Seward and Hamilton. He is not fussy nor eloquent, but he does things that should be done. Hanna is all right. He would make a good President." This is startling, but there's truth in it. Others may not think that Mr. Hanna is all that Mr. White pictures him. There are things that one expects in a President other than those pointed out by Mr. White. Mr. Hanna may be strong, capable, honest, as men go, but the question is whether Mr. Hanna is scrupulous. He is, doubtless, technically honest, but the greater number of American people believe that he is not scrupulous as to means and that his ends are not of the exalted sort we expect in our statesmen. "Business man" is a magic phrase, but there are better things than business in this world. Common sense is good, but common sense is bad morals when it is concentrated in the motto "get there anyhow." There are questions of government that cannot be settled on the business man idea alone. The business idea is, what'll it cost and is it worth it? The business idea in government, as Mr. Hanna seems to exemplify it, is that organization, backed by coin, will do anything or everything. Mr. Hanna's common sense seems to be of the sort that recognizes only the grosser needs of men. He figures that the people will go with the side that has the money. He banks on the full dinner-pail. His only answer to an issue of principle is, "look at our prosperity!" Say to him that we should think of other nations and peoples and he would say, "Bosh, let 'em look after themselves." His motto is take what you can get, crush out opposition by organization and money and solidified selfish interest. What does Hanna care for abroad? What does Hanna care for the men who think that government should be just to the outsider as to the insider? Nothing. Hanna knows nothing, cares for nothing but that business, and more particularly his business, is flourishing. He doesn't think that the great masses of the people have an interest in government quite independent of the fact that Mr. Hanna and his syndicates are piling up the cash. Hanna is a big man—no doubt about that. No one more admires his large, jolly cynicism than does the editor of the MIRROR. His content and his contempt for the discontented are almost sublime. His bluff, rough-shod method of coercing men is refreshing. He has that brute-strength of intellect, that we somehow like, even while we turn up our noses at it, in men like John W. Gates. Hanna is a fine type of the man who is absolutely sure that he can buy what he wants. He knows that people will crawl to money and power. He knows most of the people don't think. He doesn't waste time arguing

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with them. He just tells them, that's all. Mark Hanna is not a hypocrite. He doesn't disguise his attitude. He doesn't think that conventions ought to deliberate. It is the duty of conventions to take their orders and execute them. What's the use of eloquence, or reason, or imagination, or anything? All that the country needs is about thirty men with "the dough" to get together, decide what's best for themselves, set the machinery working, jam their schemes through primaries, conventions, legislatures and even courts—and to hell with the rest of the country or the rest of mankind. You can like a man who believes that—you can like him in a way. But you don't think he'd make a good President, even if William Allen White does think so. Mr. Hanna is a jolly, cynic tyrant. He might make a good Czar, but a good President—never.

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An Ugly Incident

SOME time ago Americans reveled in scorn of the cowardice of French sailors who fought with women for the boats on a sinking ship. But there was very little difference between that action and the scene in this city last Monday afternoon when ten thousand people attempted to mob and did stone, beat, kick and otherwise maltreat a poor devil of a base ball umpire because of a bad decision against the home team. It was an incident to recall the woman-stripping incidents during the street car strike, and we may depend upon it that the papers outside the city will make the most of the exhibition of cowardly brutality.

* * *

The Land Rushers

THERE will be the usual big rush of settlers to the Kiowa and other Indian reservations, and, after a little while, the usual disappointments for the settlers. The excitement will die down, and the boom will pass. Thousands of the settlers will find themselves possessed of land, and the poorer because of its possession, because the land can not be utilized for a long time. They will wait then for the opening of some other alleged El Dorado, or turn their faces toward the East, in search of land that is nearer to the railroads, and therefore of greater use and possibilities of profit. The rush to new lands is a sort of a craze among certain people, and a craze that costs them, sometimes, their all. Some of the people now rushing to the front to get land in the new territory have been in every such rush during the last twenty years, and are pursuing some phantom idea that they will strike a fortune without any particular labor. It will be some time before any of the land in the new territory will be profitable, and in the great majority of cases, the profit will not be obtainable without abundant funds to work the lands. There is no arguing with people under the spell of these land crazes, but nevertheless it is well to point out that there is no need for people in search of land to go so far away from the centers of population, and the benefits of organized government. There is an abundance of good, unoccupied land in this State, for instance, and it may be taken up as cheaply as the new land in the former Indian country. In fact, when the cost of moving is taken into consideration, the Missouri land is cheaper. And the products of the half million acres of government land in Missouri can be gotten to the market after they have been raised. The people who want to get as far away as possible from civilization may be permitted to pursue their bent, but in the main the people who go to the reservation lands to find fortune, are doomed to find that there, as elsewhere, the wresting of fortune from the soil is a matter of hard work, and work that is the harder because prosecuted at so great a remove from the social centers. The fortunes will be made by the few who have funds, and can manage to effect arrangements that will enable them to operate in the lands on a somewhat large scale. The man who finds himself in possession of land and little else will be little better off in the new territory than he was in the place he left. The man with a little money can do better in one of the thoroughly organized States than he can do in the virgin region to be opened next month. Those persons who want land to work and not to speculate upon would do well not to go to the new regions. There is no guarantee as to the quality of the

new land. Those who are in for the rush are for a gamble and one in which the chances are heavily against them. People seeking land to live upon and to work for profit, would do well to look into the supply of land in Missouri, land that is of proved quality, land that is not "a thousand miles from nowhere," land that is rapidly improving by virtue of the growth of the State's business, population and ramifying railroad facilities.

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A Beacon Biography

THE weather has been almost too hot to permit of reading, but the other day I came across another of those delicious "Beacon Biographies" and, in an hour, had comprehended better than ever before the character of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The little book is by Frank B. Sanborn and is made up chiefly of an arrangement of the utterances of Emerson himself, extracts from the diaries or letters of his friends, and from Mr. Sanborn's own recollections. How great a man Emerson was this little biography shows quite simply. He was a vastly profound man and sometimes a little cryptic to the many, but generally he was characterized by a refined hard-headed sense that saved his occasional transcendentalisms from being ridiculous. His courage was unbounded and he lived up to his logic without faltering. He lived a most fortunate life and yet it did not in the least spoil him or blunt his sympathies. He was the first of the great lecturers who made the lyceum system to flourish all over the land and he was one of the greatest friends of the slave. He was a poet, though hardly so good an one as Mr. Sanborn seems to think. He was a religious emancipator, and he did much to help Carlyle to a hearing in this country. Above everything Emerson was a philosopher and his philosophy gave a new tone to all philosophies before him, and his especial genius lay in large, facile generalizations that awakened contemplation and aspiration in others, as he said of Bronson Alcott. Emerson loved his friends, helped them, fought for them always. He bore his early persecutions and the abuse of the ignorant and bigoted with much calmness, and when in later years the whole world looked up to him who had been reviled as an atheist, there never showed in his bearing a trace of pride,—that is, of conscious pride, for all agree that he had a very dignified bearing to which he once referred in an anecdote of his grandfather, who on being told, "William, you walk as if the earth was not good enough for you," replied with the utmost humility, "I did not know it, sir." This life is, like all the others in the Beacon Biographies of Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, a model of succinctness without any suggestion of dessication. The entire series is remarkable for accuracy and style and I know of nothing better that could befall a youth of about sixteen than to fall in with the collection and read it through. It would make a man and a patriot of him forevermore. One hardly knows what great men in such various capacities this country has produced until he samples these dainty volumes on the eminent Americans, ranging from Phillips Brooks to Sam Houston, from Thomas Paine to Father Hecker. These lives are little classics of biography, and fathers and mothers who may turn their sons loose to browse in these fields of life will be thankful to the persons who intimated the wisdom of doing so. Older readers will find the volumes useful for the excellent chronologies and bibliographies of the subjects.

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The Commonwealth

THE editor of the MIRROR would bespeak among its Western readers attention and support for a St. Louis venture eminently worthy of the support of the intelligent,—the *Commonwealth*, a monthly magazine founded by Mr. Francis A. Thornton, the second number of which is now out and in the initial issue of which there appeared an article on "Collectivism," by Rev. William Poland, S. J., that was the most captivatingly lucid Aristotelian argument I have ever read in regard to the collectivist theory. The present issue contains "Expansion and the Constitution," by Isaac H. Lionberger; "Some Lights and Shadows of Paris," by Albert L. Berry; "The Legal Status of Trusts," by

Charles Clafin Allen; "Humor and Pathos In Literature," by F. Louis Soldan. All these writers are St. Louisans, and they write with authority on the subjects assigned them. The *Commonwealth* is modeled on the great English reviews, although modestly, as befits a beginning. It is devoted to discussions of the great issues. It is non-partisan. It is open to all sides of all questions and especially to St. Louisans of ability and authority on any side of the questions of the day, or of all days. While serious the *Commonwealth* will avoid heaviness in its contents. It is neatly and simply presented to the public, and it should find a large clientele in the West, for it is an undertaking along a high and noble and dignified line of effort, and there is hardly anything that could be chronicled that would be more to the credit of this city than the financial success of such a publication "devoted to the commonwealth of thought." Mr. Thornton is a brave man to attempt what he has attempted in the *Commonwealth*, and the editor of the MIRROR sincerely hopes that his courage will be rewarded by a prompt recognition and generous and steady patronage from the more intelligent reading public in St. Louis and the West generally.

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Porto Rico

PORTO RICO gets free trade with the United States. This doesn't look very much like imperialism. But what is to become of the Democratic party, if the Republican administration is to go on spiking all the opposition guns in this fashion?

* * *

Our Dead Philanthropist

IT was the intention of the editor to write something in this department about the late Mr. James E. Yeatman, of this city, whose loveable characteristics have been portrayed for the whole world by Mr. Winston Churchill, in *Mr. Brinsmade*, in "The Crisis," but the receipt of a tribute signed J. L. B., rendered any editorial article upon the departed philanthropist unnecessary. The tribute of J. L. B., initials that fully identify the writer as a citizen of distinction and one eminently qualified to appreciate Mr. Yeatman, will be found on page 14 of this issue. Glowing though the writer's eulogy be, it is not overdrawn, in the opinion of anyone who knew the man it commemorates. There is nothing one can add of fact or thought or sentiment to the in memoriam article of J. L. B. It is fitting and sufficient to its subject.

* * *

Republican Missouri

PLOTTING has begun for the Missouri Senatorship. If the third party radicals manifest as much vigor for two years as they show now the man who will succeed Senator Vest may be a Republican. So good a political authority as Lon V. Stephens, former Governor of this State, takes this view of the situation, and he says so in a recent article in the *Boonville Advertiser*, which is good enough to quote in full: "Let not thoughtful Democrats lightly estimate the importance of the third party conference which was recently held in Kansas City. In our enthusiasm, we often overestimate the strength of our friends and underestimate the weakness of the enemy. The resolutions adopted at Kansas City will attract and enthuse thousands of voters who formerly affiliated with the Democrats. The success of this movement or its failure depends upon the future actions of the Democratic leaders of Missouri. A month ago, had not the powers that be opposed another Perte Springs convention, the stampede of the municipal ownership advocates, the Populists, and silver Republicans from us could have been easily averted. It is a condition and not a theory which confronts us to-day. Our party has within its organization many disturbing and demoralizing elements who propose to rule or ruin. Meriwether, Chairman Cook and others are thorough organizers, indefatigable workers, sincere and aggressive, and those who feel that they have no following will find themselves badly fooled when the next returns come in. It behoves the Missouri Democracy to 'get a move on itself,' and without much further delay. Messrs. Dockery, Cook & Co., ought to let the rank and file meet, confer, and

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ON SUGAR CREEK.

OBSERVATION BY A PHILOSOPHIC NATURALIST.

organize." All of which means, if it mean anything, that neither Dockery, Stone nor Stephens himself will be the successor of Senator Vest. Ex-Governor Stephens knows what he is talking about and he knows too that the third party is not going to suffer for lack of friends. The Republicans will provide the money that is necessary and provide it in abundance. The task of changing the State's politics is not an impossible one with all the Populists fighting the Democrats and with the Republicans getting together.

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Shirt-Waist and Suspenders

THE shirt-waist man is safe from sneers in future. J. Pierpont Morgan has been photographed at his desk in his shirt sleeves, and—horror of horrors—with suspenders, too. What Morgan does is right, even unto showing his suspenders. But will somebody please arise and explain what there is that is shocking about the exposure of one's suspenders? They are not of themselves indelicate. They may even be very beautiful, and often are. Is a fat man to be denied coatless comfort solely because his embonpoint is such that it is impossible to keep up his trousers by means of a cinching-strap and he must wear galluses? The ladies condemn Mr. Morgan for wearing suspenders, but if a man formed like Mr. Morgan about the abdominal region were not to wear suspenders, and still try to go in his shirt sleeves, something might happen that would be more scandalizing than the mere exhibition of suspenders. Mr. Morgan, we all hope, will be able to force the recognition of suspenders as a legitimate visible feature of attire. Let us have freedom of dress. The shirt waist movement is away from convention, and we do not want any convention that will rule the suspenders out as bad form. Besides, the man's summer belt has been said by doctors to be promotive of indigestion and more serious stomach troubles, through the too tight buckling necessary to uphold trousers. Suspenders are healthier than belts and can be made much more beautiful.

Uncle Fuller.

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SINFONIA EROICA.

MY Love, my Love, it was a day in June,
A mellow, drowsy, golden afternoon;
And all the eager people thronging came
To that great hall, drawn by the magic name
Of one, a high magician, who can raise
The spirits of the past and future days,
And draw the dreams from out the secret breast,
Giving them life and shape.

I, with the rest,

Sat there athirst, atremble for the sound;
And as my aimless glances wand'red round,
Far off, across the hush'd, expectant throng,
I saw your face that fac'd mine.

Clear and strong

Rush'd forth the sound, a mighty mountain stream;
Across the clust'ring heads mine eyes did seem
By subtle forces drawn, your eyes to meet.
Then you, the melody, the summer heat,
Mingled in all my blood and made it wine.
Straight I forgot the world's great woe and mine;
My spirit's murky lead grew molten fire;
Despair itself was rapture.

Ever higher,

Stronger and clearer rose the mighty strain;
Then sudden fell; then all was still again,
And I sank back, quivering as one in pain.
Brief was the pause; then, 'mid a hush profound,
Slow on the waiting air swell'd forth a sound
So wondrous sweet that each man held his breath;
A measur'd mystic melody of death.
Then back you lean'd your head, and I could note
The upward outline of your perfect throat;
And ever, as the music smote the air,
Mine eyes from far held fast your body fair,
And in that wondrous moment seem'd to fade
My life's great woe, and grow an empty shade
Which had not been, nor was not.

And I knew

Not which was sound, and which, O Love, was you.

Amy Levy.

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EXCEPTING in a general way the Mississippi and, in a special way, the Meramec, Sugar Creek is by far the most important stream in the neighborhood of St. Louis, and its importance is largely due to the fact that, for the greater part of its course, it has no water within from three to ten feet of its surface. In the neighborhood of my friend Bopp's cornfield and where the Barrett station road crosses it as many as half a dozen times in as many hundred yards, it disappears into subterranean channels where it is safe from the heat of the July sun. But half a mile or so further on, where it reaches the bluffs and where the woods and thickets around it conceal it from all except its most intimate friend, it knows of deeply shaded pools in which it is safe to re-appear among moss-covered rocks where the land-tortoise loves to sun himself. It is perhaps unknown to those who do not care for useless information that the land tortoise is different from the terrapin, whose name he bears, as he is from the turtle with whom he is confounded by the boys of the Sugar Creek neighborhood. The Sugar Creek turtle is not an animal whose acquaintance is at all desirable. He has the genuine Anglo-Saxon spirit and he is ready to justify, against any one who invades the mud he inhabits, the reputation he has earned for himself of "never letting go until it thunders." I speak of him as an animal and the relative pronoun I use in connection with him is "which"—because I remember the rule that "who is applied to persons and which to things and brutes." Hence I have referred to the land-tortoise as "whom," because he has a distinct individuality and a super-human character which I admire. In my Sabbath-breaking studies of Sugar Creek I have made his acquaintance by wading into the pools into which he dives with grave deliberation when I intrude my company on him uninvited. After I have restored him to his original place on the flat rock, which is his by right of discovery and possession, he shows virtue I envy without hoping to possess. Until he has become intimate with you, he has a habit of withdrawing himself into himself which would have been invaluable to me had I ever been able to acquire it. But as I have not, I admire it the more in him. After he has closed his shell, at least thirty minutes of silent communion with him are necessary before he will make the least response to telepathic advances for social intercourse. Finally, however, if he learns, in a way known only to himself, that the visitor has no habit of benevolent assimilation, he will obtrude his head from his shell as far as the eyes and spend the entire afternoon in an exchange of views which involves no necessity on either side for giving an opinion on Mr. Churchill's "Crisis" or for discussing the theology of converting the heathen by a judicious application of missionary funds to the publication of maps of "Our New Possessions."

This habit of mind has so endeared him to me that I am greatly tempted to devote this essay wholly to observations on his character. I have read and re-read Montaigne's remarks "On Certain Verses of Virgil" as a justification for this, but I have other friends who demand attention—more especially the ground-puppy—on which I am at all times liable to step while wading my way towards a more familiar companionship with the tortoise. Beneath the sole of a bare foot there is no more appreciable difference between the "feel" of a ground-puppy and that of a water-moccasin than there is between the realities of the management of the two great political parties which pretend to be opposing each other in Missouri. I never stop to inquire whether it is a ground-puppy or a water-moccasin I am stepping on, nor do I care for dignity on such occasions. "What is dignity, at any rate, but the starch of a shroud?" Reverend Samuel Jones, of Georgia, once inquired. So I keep it exclusively for Sunday mornings at church. It has no place in the study of Sugar Creek in the afternoons.

After a ground-puppy, which turns out not to be a water-moccasin, has been stepped on, he can be brought to the surface with a forked stick and observed without inconveniencing him at all. His self-possession is complete. He will allow himself to be turned over on a wet rock without protest until all the principal differences between him and the other inhabitants of the United States are properly classified. He only becomes restless when he begins to grow dry, for, though a native of Missouri and to the manner born, he is as restless when dry as if he had been born in the mint-beds a hundred yards from the spring which supplies water to the boilers of a Kentucky distillery. I have noted in this way—with his consent—that he has only two legs and is, therefore, a biped; and as he is without feathers, he is as nearly human in his definition as was Plato's man, turned loose in the Academy by Diogenes. But the ground-puppy has a tail, which has not yet degenerated into a rudiment, as, I learn from the "Descent of Man," it has done in the human species. Moreover, the ground-puppy never protests when trodden on and never has to be shown—in both of which characteristics he is different from friends of mine in Missouri who are descended from later immigrants to the State.

In the dry-bed of the creek, just beyond the bluffs, I found that I was being watched with all a naturalist's keenness by a garter snake which had started to cross into a bed of perennial phlox in the corner of a worm fence which still remains as a monument of vanished hospitality. Nearly all the fences in the Sugar Creek neighborhood are of barbed wire. It is impossible to sit and smoke on a barbed wire fence, as it is natural and desirable to do on the flat top rail of the hospitable worm fence; and when you crawl through barbed wire fences, in spite of the "Keep Out" sign, they are almost sure to snag a hole in the back of the coat you had intended to wear to the city on Monday morning. Whenever this happens to me, I revenge myself by writing under the sign a poem specially prepared for such emergencies:

"Who'e'er you be that wrote this sign,
Pray keep your land and all your fee!
The highway and the sky are mine,
Where you may come to visit me;
But till you learn this sign to rue,
Heaven's gates will say "Keep Out!" to you.

It need not be explained to any one who has crawled through a dozen wire fences in a single afternoon, while investigating the fauna and flora of St. Louis county, that claims to the ownership of the sky made by any one in the frame of mind superinduced by wire fences, rest only on poetic license. All wire fences of whatever kind, are an invention of the devil and I never crawl through one of them without wishing I could make up my mind to agree with Henry George. The worm-fence, however, in the shade, with a flat rail on top and a bed of perennial phlox in bloom in the corner, presents conditions suggesting those of the original Paradise so strongly that I was not surprised to see the snake in the vicinity. Being familiar with the operation of the snake intellect and knowing that his desire to investigate me was even stronger than mine to observe the harmony of color-combination produced by the stripes on his back, I stood perfectly still and met his inquiring gaze with a counter inquiry in my own. The comity thus established I broke, however, in a most characteristically human way, for, while he was watching my face with his whole attention fixed on it, I cut a twig which happened to be in reach of my hand and after cutting the fork in it to fit his neck, I advanced by imperceptible approaches until we were within two feet of each other. Then, with a change of demeanor as sudden as that of the most accomplished statesman when the friends who elected him are asking him for office, I placed the fork of the stick over his neck and held him as securely as Cuba will be held under the Platt amendment. I hope I will never see equalled again, in the history of the United States, natural and unnatural, the intensity of his reproachful surprise at this piece of treachery. It seemed to numb all his faculties except only that

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of observation, for though he did not take his eyes from mine during the whole interview, it was not until I was almost ready to release him that he began to hiss and writhe against the fork which imprisoned him. Naturally I held him longer than I would have done otherwise, merely to show him the futility of his method of objecting to my disregard of his interpretation of the *modus vivendi*. But as he was on his own ground, I did release him, as a matter of course, with no restrictions whatever on his sovereignty. After I had done so, there was, for a moment, a variegated streak across the rocks and a rustle in the thicket—the last intimation I ever had of his opinion of me. It was enough, however, to convince me that he will never trust a featherless biped again. Henceforth he holds with Diogenes. All the bishops between Sugar Creek and the See of Canterbury might take up collections for him during the remainder of his natural life without changing his present opinion of Christian civilization.

From garter-snakes to Black-Eyed Susans is a far cry in the imagination, but it is not so in the realities of Sugar Creek; for the fields I crossed as I turned homeward were on fire with the golden brilliancy of these ornaments of a Missouri July; and in defiance of the public opinion my Monday acquaintances hold of Missouri verse and those who write it, I watched the flowers until my pipe went out and then wrote this of them on the back of an envelope containing my last consignment of rejected manuscript:

BLACK EYED SUSANS.
I saw them and they made me glad
As though I heard a merry song:
Until they bloomed the day was sad
Because it waited them too long!
Last week they seemed but common weeds,
Ugly as this world's work-day deeds;
But now they bloom ten thousand strong,
And every flower of golden flame
Has its own gladness to proclaim—
As though my evening path along,
Nature, grown merry, true and wise,
Laughed out the message of the skies;
Even as a child I heard to-day,
Laughed, as heaven willed it, in her play
And made me wise the whole hour long
I saw these flowers and wrote this song."

Horace Flack

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THE FUTURE OF THE DRAMA.

ACTORS RESPONSIBLE FOR STAGE DEGENERACY.

THE nineteenth century has gone to its account, and has left the English theatre, as it found it, divorced from what is best and most strenuous in the living imagination and thought of the race. The history of our nineteenth-century dramatic literature, if it shall ever find an historian, will be a history of the books that have been written by students and admirers of older dramatists. The history of the stage, on the other hand, will be a record of the various renderings of the chief Shakespearian characters, of some gallant attempts to impose the plays of Shelley and Tennyson and Browning on a reluctant public, of a few—a very few—original works that rose above mediocrity and succeeded, and, for the rest, of the evening recreations of a people.

Is the new century to make the divorce absolute, or will it see a revival of the drama, of tragedy and comedy, handling eternal topics, written in modern English by living men, and acted on the public stage? Some eager apologists for the stage-as-it-is assert that the living man has only to come forward; he was never more ardently desired and sought after by managers. And the literary critics have done something to foster the idea that the qualities necessary for good dramatic writing are so many and so rare that only a very fortunate generation can hope to see produced upon the stage that miracle of art, a good, original play. It is surely long starvation that has taught us to think food a rare luxury. We do not think in this way of books, but, with more or less confidence, expect them every year, new and good. And drama, from childhood upwards, is one of the most natural and irrepressible instincts of the human imagination. To gesticulate is as

natural as to speak, to invent speeches and actions for others is as natural as to speak for oneself. Indeed there has been no dearth, during the past century, of that first essential for the drama, the dramatic imagination. Scores of writers have been distinguished for that, and that alone. Who that reads her "Literary History of England" (1785-1824) would ever suspect that Mrs. Oliphant was a woman of genius? Who that reads "Salem Chapel," or "Phoebe Junior," or any other of her finer novels, would dare to deny it? Anthony Trollope, again, while he speaks for himself, is often flat and dull, but he has only to rig up his stage and speak through the mouths of his puppets to become a marvel of vivacity, sympathy, insight and conviction. The dramatic imagination is not rare, except on the stage; and the reasons for its rarity there must be sought elsewhere than in the imaginative poverty and creative impotence of the men of our time.

Is the public to blame? It is the fashionable, broad-shouldered scape-goat, and any one who stands forth as its representative to vindicate its intelligence may very readily be flattered out of his position. To be coherent in speech and argument, to have taste and judgment is, by hypothesis, to stand aloof from the great insensate, inarticulate mob. Yet the reflection will occur that there is a public—in some cases a regular and sufficient public—for good music and good books. Why should good plays alone be incapable of attracting an audience?

It would be truer, I think, on the whole, to say that in any attempt to bring dramatic thought and dramatic imagination into touch with the modern theatre, the actor bars the way. The control of the theatres, the choice of plays, the mode of presenting them in action, are all practically in the hands of the acting profession. It is no discredit to that hardworking profession, containing as it does many enthusiasts and many artists, to say that literature can expect but little at its hands. Of the motives that lead men and women into the profession a zeal for the finer imaginative and dramatic capabilities of human speech is surely among the rarest. Once there, the actor finds himself in a world of his own, bound to the revolving wheel of rehearsals and performances, exhausted and exhilarated by turns, but always absorbed in his profession. A large part of his experience of life thenceforward will come to him across the foot-lights, and most of the lessons that it teaches him will be false. The temptations that are familiar to all who have so much as spoken in public will beset him, the irrelevant sympathies offered in the sweet form of applause. He may not have asked for them, but human nature is frail, and, perhaps, before long, he will pocket them and ask for more. Like the best dramas, the best impersonations admit of no applause save at the end, for the parts are all strictly subordinated to the whole effect. Such subordination, enforced throughout a play, is the business of a dramatist; it is not likely, except in rare cases, to be the business of an actor.

I am defending so moderate a proposition that I should be sorry if it were supposed that I am attacking a profession. Printing is a beautiful art, but we do not expect a master-printer, except by accident, to devote his labors wholly to the service of literature. He, like the actor, has a technique and a pride of his own. Under the control of the acting profession two forms, at least, of dramatic art are very much alive in England at this day—burlesque, and what, for want of a better name, I shall call charade—the representation on the stage of commonplace characters and manners in the midst of comic or sentimental intrigue. The pleasure to be derived from this depends not a little on the preservation of a low pitch, so to say; the characters seem to have walked on to the stage by mistake and are behaving as any one might behave in a suburban drawing room. We are a nation of individualists and humorists, and these two forms of the dramatic art appeal to our practised sensibilities. The intervention of the foot-lights gives piquancy to the situation in either case, by reminding us dimly that the stage is a place where characters are assumed. But here are characters with no trace of assumption, they treat us confidentially, and, as it were, make themselves at home. If only the humorous talent that is so rife in the music-halls were given free scope, and encouraged to produce concerted dramatic sketches, we might, in time, have a native burlesque drama, strong in criticism and humor, and all our own.

But tragedy! And high comedy, appealing to the intellect, tickling the young, not asking to be punctu-

ated throughout by sentiments of approval or disapproval—how and where are we to get these? How many actors now on the stage can recite verse with ease, music and meaning? How many actresses of tragic parts can distinguish tragedy from hysteria and violence; how many have the faintest understanding that tragedy without solemnity, dignity, deliberation, measure, proportion, and harmony is impossible? The absurd mimicry of natural passions in their physical effects, the restless indulgence of individual foibles have made tragedy, which is as much an affair of law and convention as ever was music or architecture, a stranger to our stage. When Lamb complained that to see *Lear* acted was merely to see an old man in a pitiful state of nervous prostration and excitement, he expressed what many thousands since have felt. But must we always be made to feel it?

Our hopes for the future may perhaps be defined by an interrogation of the past. The English drama rose suddenly to its greatness when the control of the companies of actors came into the hands of the authors. When Marlowe, Kyd, Greene, Peele and Shakespeare began writing for the stage they found ready to their hand a body of skilled comic actors, men of the type of Tarleton and Kemp. These men gave delight to the populace, and not a little trouble to the dramatists. Shakespeare alone, of the names mentioned above, seems to have adapted his plays perfectly, though not without protest, to the requirements of the professional clown—and perhaps the much discussed mixture of mirth with tragedy was his necessity not his choice. But the rest of the actors, and especially the actors of the great tragic parts, were all to train, and they can have got their instructions from no one but the playwrights; Alleyn, perhaps, chiefly from Marlowe; Burbage from Shakespeare.

The case of France is yet more striking. When the Renaissance drama, which was to develop, a century later, into the drama of Corneille and Racine, first arose in France, it found the stage already in possession of fully organized and highly privileged companies of actors, who devoted their energies entirely to the production (how modern it all sounds!) of *Moralities* and *Farces*. To secure the services of these men was impossible, even had it been desirable; and the plays of Jodelle and his successors were produced by friends of the authors, companies of amateurs, who, for all their lack of technical training, understood the ideas that inspired the new attempt.

I conclude with a conditional prophecy. If the new century shall be lucky enough to witness a dramatic revival, that revival will be the work not of actors, but of dramatic authors, who will collect their own companies, train their own actors, secure, if need be, their own patrons, find their own public in the service of their own ideas. The difficulties of such an attempt are great; by professional actors they will be represented as insuperable. Stage-craft, it will be said, is a business that takes some learning; Lamb, in his farce of "Mr. H.," Browning, in "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," failed from ignorance of the rudimentary principle that an audience must not be kept ignorant of a secret that is influencing the behavior of the chief characters on the stage. So be it; but perhaps it is easier for Lamb and Browning to acquaint themselves with these matters, which, after all, are within the reach of a very ordinary intelligence, than it is for the seasoned deviser of "curtains" to come by a live dramatic idea. It may well be easier to teach selected amateurs to speak audibly than to teach an average professional company to forgo the over-emphasis, the dreadful mechanical liveliness, that murders poetry.

I know that there exists a strong movement to maintain and revive the "classical" English drama on our stage, and if I make little account of it in this connection it is because the credit of literature cannot be maintained solely by reprints, or reproductions, of the classics. It would be an encouraging sign if a little more boldness in revival were possible. Is this generation never to set eyes on the matchless comedies of Congreve and Vanbrugh? It is true that to set them before an audience accustomed to the modern composite of sentiment and farce would be like trying to introduce chess into a skittle alley. And while the revivalists deserve gratitude, honor must also be paid to those actors and managers who have shown themselves willing to produce new plays of more than merely popular pretensions. But the redemption of the drama, it may safely be predicted, will not come from these. The actor-manager, in fact, is

related to real dramatic literature very much as the speculative builder is related to architecture. There are many speculative builders; some of them are good and honest men. They are not hostile to good art—if their public wants it and will pay for it. They think poorly of architecture, for they have notions of their own, effective and original, with which, even to the diminution of their profits, they indulge themselves and their clients. The suburbs of modern large cities are the monuments of their industry. Now, if a speculative builder were to offer employment to a promising architect (I am not sure that the thing has ever been heard of,) would the acceptance of the offer inaugurate a renaissance in domestic architecture? Would it not rather mean that the architect had set himself to work under impossible conditions, and would find that he must either escape from his engagement or adapt himself violently to the requirements and ideas of his ill-chosen patron? The parable needs no moral; reason and experience show that when the modern theatre patronizes literature, it is not the theatre that becomes literary, but literature that becomes stagey.

Walter Raleigh, in *Literature*.

THE IMITATOR.

A NOVEL.

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CHAPTER XIV.

ALITTLE before the end of that performance of "Voltaire," Orson Vane made his way to Arthur Wantage's dressing-room. They had, in their character of men in some position of eminence in different phases of the town's life, a slight acquaintance. They met, now and then, at the Mummers' Club. Vane's position put him above possibility of affront by Wantage in even the most arrogant and mannerless of the latter's moods.

Vane's invitation to a little supper, a little chat, and a little smoke, just for the duet of them, brought forth Wantage's most winning smile of acquiescence.

"Delighted, dear chap," he vowed. He could be, when he chose, the most winning of mortals. He was, during the drive to Vane's house, an admirable companion. He told stories, he made polite rejoinders, he was all glitter and graciousness. But it was when he was seated to an appetizing little supper that he became most splendid.

"My dear Vane," he said, lifting a glass to the light, "you should write me a play. I am sure you could do it. These fellows who are in the mere business of it,—well, they are really impossible. They are so vulgar, so dreadful to do business with. I hate business, I am a child in such affairs; everyone cheats me. I mean to have none but gentlemen on my business staff next season. The others grate on me, Vane, they grate. And if I could only gather a company of actors who were also gentlemen—Oh, I assure you, one cannot believe what things I endure. The stupidity of actors!" He pronounced the word as if it were accented on the last syllable. He raised his eyes to heaven as he faltered in description of the stupidities he had to contend with.

"Write a play?" said Orson, "I fear that would be out of my line. I merely live, you know; I do not describe."

"Oh, I think you would be just the man. You would give me a play that society would like. You would make no mistakes of taste. And think, my dear fellow, just think of the prestige my performance would give you. It would be the making of you. You would be launched. You would need no other recommendation. When you approach any of these manager fellows all you have to do is to say, 'Wantage is doing a play of mine.' That is a hallmark; it means success for a young man."

"Perhaps. But I have no ambitions in that way. How do you like my Bonnheimer?"

"H'm—not bad, Vane, not bad. But you should taste my St. Innesse. It is a '74. I got it from the cellars of the Duke of Arran. You know Merrill, the wine-merchant on Broadway? Shrewd fellow! Always keeps me in mind; whenever he sees a sale of a good cellar on the other side, he puts in a bid; knows he can always depend

on Wantage taking the bouquet of it off his hands. You must take dinner with me some night, and try that St. Innesse. Ex-President Richards told me, the other evening, that it was the mellowest vintage he had tasted in years. You know Richards? Oh, you should, you should!"

Vane listened, quietly amused. The vanity, the egotism of this player were so obvious, so transparent, so blatant. He wondered, more than ever, what was under that mask of arrogance and conceit. The perfect frankness of the conceit made it almost admirable.

"You know," Wantage remarked presently, "I'm really playing truant, taking supper with you. I ought to be studying."

"A new play?"

"No. My curtain speech for to-morrow night. It's the last night of the season, and they expect it of me, you know. I've vowed, time and again, I would never make another curtain-speech in my life, but they will have them, they will have them!" He sighed, in submission to his fate. Then he returned to a previous thought. "I wish, though," he said, "that I could persuade you to do a play for me. Think it over! Think of the name it would give you. Or you might try managing me. Eh, how does that strike you? Such a relief to me if I could deal with a gentleman. You have no idea—the cads there are in the theatre! They resent my being a man who tries to prove a little better educated than themselves. They hate me because I am college-bred, you know; they prefer actors who never read. How many books do you think I read before I attempted *Voltaire*? A little library, I tell you. And then the days I spent in noting the portraits! I traveled France in my search. For the actor who takes historic characters there cannot be too many documents. Imagination alone is not enough. And then the labor of making the play presentable; I wish you could see the thing as it first came to me! You would think a man like Charters would have taken into consideration the actor? But no; the play, as Charters left it, might have been for a stock company. *Frederick the Great* was as fine a part as my own. Oh, they are numbskulls. And the rehearsals! Actors are sheep, simply sheep. The papers say I am a brute at rehearsals. My dear Vane, I swear to you that if Nero were in my place he would massacre all the minor actors in the land. And they expect the salaries of intelligent persons!"

Vane, listening, wondered why Wantage, under such an avalanche of irritations, continued such life. Gradually it dawned on him that all this fume and fret was merely part of the man's mummery; it was his appeal to the sympathy of his audience; his argument against the reputation his occasional exhibitions of rage and waywardness had given him.

His desire to penetrate the surface of this conscious imitator, this fellow who slipped off this character to assume that, grew keener and keener. Where, under all this crust of alien form and action, was the individual, human thought and feeling? Or was there any left? Had the constant corrosion of stimulated emotions burnt out all the original character of the mind?

Vane could not sufficiently hasten the end for which he had invited Wantage.

"You are," he said presently, as a lull in the other's monologue allowed him an opening, "something of an amateur of tapestry, of pictures, of bijouterie. I have a little thing or two, in my dressing-room, that I wish you would give me an opinion on."

They took their cigarettes into the adjoining dressing-room. Wantage went, at once, to the mirrors.

"Ah, Florence, I see." He frowned, in critical judgment; he went humming about the room, singing little German phrases to the pictures, snatches of chansonnieres to the tapestries. He was very enjoyable as a spectacle, Vane told himself. He tiptoed over the room, now in the mode of his earliest success, "The King of Dandies," now in the half limping style of his "Rigoletto."

"You should have seen the Flemish things I had!" he declared. That was his usual way of noting the belong-

ings of others; they reminded him of his own superior specimens. "I sold them for a song, at auction. Don't you think one tires of one's surroundings, after a time? People go to the hills and the seashore, because they tire of town. I have the same feeling about pictures, and furniture, and bric-a-brac. After a time, they tire me. I have to get rid of them. I sell them at auction. People are always glad to bid for something that has belonged to Arthur Wantage. But everything goes for a song. Oh, it is ruinous, ruinous." He peered, and pirouetted about the corners. "Ah," he exclaimed, "and here is something covered up! A portrait? Something rare?" He posed in front of it, affecting the most devouring curiosity.

"A sort of portrait," said Vane, touching the cord at back of the mirror.

"Ah," said Wantage, gazing, "you are right. A sort of portrait." And he laughed, feebly, feebly. "That Bonnheimer," he muttered, "a deuce of a wine!" He clutched at a chair, reeling into it.

Vane, passing to the mirror's face, took what image it turned to him, and then, leisurely, replaced the curtain.

He surveyed the figure in the chair for a moment or so. Then he called Nevins. "Nevins," he said, "where the devil are you? Never where you're wanted. What does one pay servants outrageous wages for! They conspire to cheat one, they all do. Nevins!" Nevins appeared, wide-eyed at this outburst. He was prepared for many queer exhibitions on the part of his master, but this—this, to a faithful servant! He stood silent, expectant, reproachful.

"Nevins," his master commanded, "have this—this actor put to bed. Use the library; make the two couches serve. He'll stay here for twenty-four hours; you understand, twenty-four hours. You will take care of him. The wine was badly corked, to-night, Nevins. You grow worse every day. You are in league to drive me distracted. It is an outrage. Why do you stand there, and shake, in that absurd fashion? It makes me quite nervous. Do go away, Nevins, go away!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE papers of that period are all agreed that the eminent actor, Arthur Wantage, was never seen to more advantage than on the last night of that particular season. His *Voltaire* had never been a more brilliant impersonation. The irony, the cruelty of the character had rarely come out more effectively; the ingenuity of the dialogue was displayed at its best.

Yet, as a matter of fact, Arthur Wantage, all that day and evening, was in Orson Vane's house, subject to a curious mental and spiritual aphasia that afterwards became a puzzle to many famous physicians.

The *Voltaire* was Orson Vane.

It was the final triumph of Professor Vanlief's thaumaturgy. Vane was now in possession of the entire mental vitality sufficient for playing the part of the evening; the lines, the every pose, came to him spontaneously, as if he were machinery moving at another's guidance. The detail of entering the theatre unobserved had been easy; it was dusk and he was muffled to the eyes. Afterwards, it was merely a matter of pigment and paints. His fingers found the use of the colors and powders as easily as his mind held the words to be spoken. There was not a soul, in the company, in the audience, that did not find the *Voltaire* of that night the *Voltaire* of the entire season.

Above the mere current of his speeches and his displayed emotions Orson Vane found a tide of exaltation bearing him on to a triumphant feeling of contempt for his audience. These sheep, these herdlings, these creatures of the fashion, how fine it was to fling into their faces the bitter taunts of a *Voltaire*, to see them take them smilingly, indulgently. They paid him his price, and he hated them for it. He felt that they did not really understand the half of the play's delicate finesse; he felt their appreciation was a sham, a pose, a bit of mummery even more contemptible than his own, since they paid to pose, while he, at least, had the satisfaction of their money.

The curtain-fall found him aglow with the splendor of

The Mirror

his success. The two personalities in him joined in a fever of triumph. He, Orson Vane, had been *Voltaire*; he would yet be all the other geniuses of history. He would prove himself the greatest of them all, since he could simulate them all. A certain vein of petty cunning ran under the major emotion; Orson Vane laughed to think how he had despoiled Arthur Wantage of his very temperament, his art, his spirit. This same cunning admonished, too, the prompt return of Wantage's person, after the night was over, to the Wantage residence.

The commotion "in front" brought Orson to a sense of the immediate moment. The cries for a speech came over a crackling of hand-claps. He waited for several minutes. It was not well to be too complaisant with one's public. Then he gave the signal to the man at the curtain, and moved past him, to the narrow space behind the lights. He bowed. It had the very air of irony, had that bow. It does not seem humanly possible to express irony in a curving in the spine, a declension of the head, a certain pose of the hands, but Vane succeeded, just as Wantage had so often succeeded, in giving that impression. The bow over, he turned to withdraw. Let them wait, let them chafe! Commuters were missing the last trains for the night? So much the better! They would not forget him so easily.

When he finally condescended to stride before the curtain again, it was a lift of the eyebrows, a little gesture, an air that said, quite plainly, really, it is very annoying of you. If I were not very gracious indeed I should refuse to come out again. I do so, I assure you, under protest.

He gave a little, delicate cough, he lifted his eyes. At that the house became still, utterly still.

He began without any vocative at all.

"The actor," he said, "who wins the applause of so distinguished a company is exceedingly fortunate. The applause of such a very distinguished company—" he succeeded in emphasizing his phrase to the point where it became a subtle insult—"is very sweet to the actor. It reconciles him to what he must take to be a breach of true art, the introduction of his own person on the scene where he has appeared as an impersonator of character. Some actors are expected to make speeches after their exertions should be over. I am one of those poor actors. In the name of myself, a poor actor, and the poor actors in my company, I must thank this distinguished body of ladies and gentlemen for the patience with which they have listened to Mr. O'Deigh's little trifle. It is, of course, merely a trifle, *pour passer le temps*. Next season, I hope, I may give you a really serious production. Mr. O'Deigh cables me that he is happy such distinguished persons in such a critical town have applauded his little effort. I am sure ever so many of you would rather be at home than listening to the apologies of a poor actor. For I feel I must apologize for presenting so inconsiderable a trifle. A mere summer night's amusement. I have played it as a sort of rest for myself, as preparation for larger productions. If I have amused you, I am pleased. The actors' province is to please. The poor actor thanks you."

He bowed, and the bewildered company who had heard him to the end, clapped their hands a little. The newspaper men smiled at one another; they had been there before. The old question of "Why does he do it?" no longer stirred in them. They were used to Wantage's vagaries.

The newspapers of the following day had Wantage's speech in full. The critics wrote editorials on the necessity for curbing this player's arrogance. The public was astonished to find that it had been insulted, but it took the press' word for it. Wantage had made that sort of thing the convention; it was the fashion to call these curtain speeches an insult, yet to invoke them as eagerly as possible. The widespread advertising that accrued to Wantage from this episode enabled his manager to obtain, in his bookings for the following season, an even higher percentage than usual. To that extent Orson Vane's imitation of an imitator benefited his subject. In other respects it left Wantage a mere walking automaton.

It was fortunate that the closing time for Wantage's theatre was now on. There was no hitch in Vane's plan of

transporting Wantage to his home quarters; the servants at the Wantage establishment found nothing unusual in their master having been away for a day and a night; he was too frequently in the habit, when his house displeased him in some detail, to stay at hotels for weeks and months at a time; his household was ready for any vagary. Indisposition was nothing new with him, either; in reality and affection these lapses from well-being were not infrequent with the great player. The doctor told him he needed rest—rest and sea-air; there was nothing to worry over; he had been working too hard, that was all.

So the shell of what had been Wantage proceeded to a watering-place, while the kernel, now a part of Orson Vane, proceeded to astonish the town with its doings and sayings.

Practice had now enabled Vane to control, with a certain amount of consciousness, whatsoever alien spirit he took to himself. Vigorous and alert as was the mumming temperament he was now in possession of, he yet contrived to exert a species of dominance over it; he submitted to it in the mode, the expression of his character, yet in the main-spring of his action he had it in subjection. He had reached, too, a plane from which he was able, more than on any of the other occasions, to enjoy the masquerade he knew himself taking part in. He realized, with a contemptuous irony, that he was playing the part of one who played many parts. The actor in him seemed, intellectually, merely a personified palimpsest; the mind was receptive, ready to echo all it heard, keen to reproduce traits and tricks of other characters.

He held in himself, to be brief, a mirror that reflected whatever crossed its face; the base of that mirror itself was as characterless, as colorless, as the mere metal and glass. Superficialities were caught with a skill that was astonishing; little tricks of manner and speech were reproduced to the very dot upon the i; yet, under all the raiment of other men's merely material attributes, there was no change of soul at all; no transformation touched the little egoscreaming soul of the actor.

The superficial, in the meanwhile, was enough to make the town gossip not a little about the newest diversions of Orson Vane. He talked, now, of nothing but the theatre and the arts allied to it. He purposed doing some little comedies at Newport in the course of the summer that was now beginning. He eyed all the smart women of his acquaintance with an air that implied either, "I wonder whether you could be cast for a girl I must make love to," or, "You would be passable in *Prince Hal* attire." At home, to his servants, Vane was abominable. When the dreadful champagne, that some impulse possessed him to buy of a Broadway swindler, proved as flat as the Gowanus, his language to Nevins was quite contemptible. "What," he shrieked, "do I pay you for? Tell me that! This splendid wine spoiled, spoiled, utterly unfit for a gentleman to drink, and all by your negligence. It is enough to turn one's mind. It is an outrage. A splendid wine. And now—look at it!" As a conclusion he threw the stuff in Nevins' face. Nevins made no answer at all. He wiped the sour mess from his coat with the same air of apology that he would have used had he split a glass himself. But his emotions were none the less. They caused him, in the privacy of the servants' quarters, to do what he had not done in years, to drop his h's. "It's the 'ost's place," said Nevins, mournfully, "to entertain his guests, and not bully the butler." Which, as a maxim, was valid enough, save that, in this special case, the guests had come to look upon Vane's treatment of the servants as part of the entertainment a dinner with him would provide.

Another distress that fell to the lot of poor Nevins was the fact that his master was become averse to the paying of bills. The profanity fell upon Nevins from both the duns and the dunns. "The man from Bassar's, Mr. Vane, sir," Nevins would announce, timidly. "Can't get him to go away at all, sir."

"Bassar's, Bassar's? Oh—that tailor fellow. An impudent creature, to plague me so, when I do him the honor of wearing his coats; they fit very badly, but I put up with that because I want to help the fellow on. And what is

my reward? He pesters me, pesters me. Tell him—tell him anything, Nevins. Only do leave me alone; I am very busy, very nervous. I am going to write a comedy for myself. I have some water-colors to paint for Mrs. Carlos; I have a ride in the Park, and ever so many other things to do to-day, and you bother me with pestiferous tailors. Nevins, you are, you are—"

But Nevins quietly bowed himself out before he learned what new thing he was in his master's eyes.

A malady—for it surely is no less than a malady—for attempting cutting speeches at any time and place possessed Vane. Short-sightedness was another quality now obvious in him. He knew you to-day, to-morrow he looked at you with the most unseeing eyes. His voice was the most prominent organ in whatever room or club he happened to be; when he spoke none else could be intelligible. When he knew himself observed, though alone, he hummed little snatches to himself. His gait took on a mincing step. There was not a moment, not a pose of his that had not its forethought, its deliberation, its premeditated effect.

The gradual increase in the publicity that was part of the penalty of being in the smart world had made approachment between the stage and society easier than ever before. Orson Vane's bias toward the theatre did not displease the modish. Rumors as to this and that heroine of a romantic divorce having theatric intentions became frequent. The gowns of actresses were copied by the smart quite as much as the smart set's gowns were copied by actresses. The intellectual factor had never been very prominent in the social attitude toward the stage; it was now frankly admitted that good-looking men and handsome dresses were as much as one went to the theatre for. Theatrical people had a wonderful claim upon the printer's ink of the continent; society was not averse to borrowing as much of that claim as was possible. Compliments were exchanged with amiable frequency; smart people married stage favorites, and the stage looked to the smart for its recruits.

Orson Vane could not have shown his devotion to the mummuries of the stage at a better time. He gained, rather than lost, prestige.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE FIGHT FOR FIGARO.

TROUBLES OF THE TYPICAL FRENCH NEWSPAPER.

"NOTHING short of a revolution!" exclaims Arthur Lynch, writing from Paris to the *Argonaut*. "The *Figaro* has changed its editor!"

"That does not sound very important to the non-Parisian mind, but here we look at matters through a peculiar telescope which makes the boulevards fill the vision, and the rest of the world grows small by degrees and beautifully less. And then the French are picturesque; they are interesting, not because we admire them or think that they amount to very much, but because they make play. Even their gestures and their excitability, though not dignified, are very amusing to the spectator who has his place in the gallery and calls out for the band to strike up."

"The *Figaro* has for years been looked on as the representative French paper. What the *Times* is to London, what the *Herald* or the *Sun*, or the *Journal*, or the *World*—I am afraid to make a choice—is to New York, the *Figaro*, has been to Paris. A representative journal may be looked upon as a sort of epitome of the character of the people, and every nation has the journal it deserves. The *Figaro* according to the non-Parisian idea, is not a very dignified representative, but still it had a *cachet* of its own. It proved that the aroma of the Court of Versailles, the epoch of *bonbonnières*, powdered hair, and buckled shoes has only been roughly hidden under the *bourgeois* dress of the Third Republic. The *Figaro* gave news of a kind, and it was nearly all news of the boulevard. When it gave foreign news, it was sometimes three weeks late, and not always accurate. Its most famous foreign editor was a certain German of Israelitish extraction, who wrote under the name of "Jacques Sans-Cère," and who passed in the world as being of the old line of French aristocracy. Jacques Sans-Cère's idea of foreign politics consisted in

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WASHABLE.

Lot Ladies' Flounced Mercerized Linen Skirts, were \$2.75,	\$1.50
Lot Ladies' Fine Blue, Gray or Tan Covert or Galatea Cloth Skirts—were \$3.00 and \$3.50	\$1.95
Lot Ladies' Fine Pique Walking Skirts—were \$4.00	\$2.95
Lot Ladies' Fine Natural Color or Black Linen Skirts—were \$4.50 and \$5.00	\$3.75
Lot Ladies' Fine Pique Skirts, also novelties in other Wash Fabrics, were \$5.00, \$6.95 and \$8.75	\$3.95

Separate Skirts.

Wool and Silk.

Lot Fine Gray Homespun Skirts, were \$5.95	\$3.50
Lot Fine Black Broadcloth Skirts—were \$7.50	\$3.75
Lot Fine Black Mohair or Pure White Flannel and Serge Skirts—were \$6.95	\$5.00
Lot fine Taffeta Silk Skirts, unlined, were \$11.50 and \$12.50	\$8.75

Misses' Waists.

Lot Misses' Waists—were \$1.50	\$1.00
Lot Misses' Waists—were \$2.95	\$1.50



Ladies' Waists.

Lot fine Tucked Allover Ecru Waists—cool and stylish—were \$2.50	\$1.50
Lot fine black silk Mull, black and white Grenadines or Pongee Waists—beauties—were \$3.50 and \$4.00	\$2.50

Washable Suits and Costumes.

Lot Fine White Lawn Sailor Suits—were \$8.00	\$5.00
Lot Fine Pique Suits—were \$10.00	\$6.95
Lot Fine Pure Linen Sailor Suits—all colors—swell stuff—were \$17.50	\$10.00
Lot Swell Linen Etamine Suits—were \$22 to \$30	\$12.75
Fine White Serge Suits—were \$35.00	\$15.00

Lot Fine Costumes of White Organdie, Colored Organdies, Ecru Linen Batiste and many others—all richest goods money can buy; some that were \$25.00	\$18.75
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Ladies' Jackets.

Ladies' Nobby Cloth Eton Jackets—were \$8.75	\$6.50
Ladies' Fine Box Coats—all spring weight, were \$20.00	\$10.00

Silk Etons.

Ladies' Fine Silk Eton Jackets, all swell styles—were \$19.50	\$9.75
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Foulard Silk Dresses.

Lot Ladies' Foulard Silk Dresses, were \$15 to \$18.75	\$7.50
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Children's and Misses' Dresses

Lot Girls' Fine Pique Trimmed Sheer Corded Gingham Dresses—were \$2.50	\$1.50
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Lot Girls' Fine Pique Blouse Suits, colors or white, skirts can be worn separate, were \$5.00	\$3.50
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Lot Girls' Fine White Serge Blouse Suits, were \$6.95	\$5.00
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Lot Girls' Nobby Eton Suits, of Serge or Cheviot—were \$10.75	\$7.50
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Wrappers and Tea Gowns.

Lot Fine Cashmere Tea Gowns—were \$6.95	\$3.00
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Lot Fine Silk Tea Gowns—were \$10.00	\$5.00
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Traveling Suits.

Lot Eton Suits—Broadcloth or Venetians—newest style—some with Taffeta drop skirts—were \$19.50 and \$25.00	\$12.50
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Lot Fine Sicilian Suits—black, blue and gray—latest and best for traveling—were \$18.75	\$13.50
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Lot Fine Black Taffeta Silk Eton Suits—were \$27.50 to \$35.00	\$18.75
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B. NUGENT & BRO. DRY GOODS CO., Broadway, Washington Avenue and St. Charles Street.

recounting amusing and occasionally rather scabrous tales of foreign courts.

"All the great writers of France contributed at times to the *Figaro*, for literature rises to a higher level in French journalism than in any other in the world. One could read a French paper in the middle of the Sahara, even though there would seem to be very little in it in Paris. The most distinguished authors—M. Hanotaux, the ex-minister of foreign affairs, for instance—write occasionally for journals of a much more frivolous tone and lower class than the *Figaro*; and when on my first arrival in Paris, years ago, I used to see weighty names side by side with some piquant little scandal or smoke-room joke, I had the impression that I would receive did Grover Cleveland or Russell Sage 'weigh in' regularly with contributions to the *Smart Set*.

"To understand the *Figaro* it is necessary to have a clear idea of the lines on which it was run. The founder, Villemessant—called by his enemies "vile-méchant"—was one of those *faux bonhommes* who, giving the hand to every one, smiling and careless with even a Bohemian good-nature, are calculating, pitiless, and unprincipled at base. Villemessant knew the French, and he adjusted the *Figaro* to his conception of the *clientèle* he wished to reach. The *Figaro* was to be the upholder of law, authority, the army, the navy, the magistracy, the government. It was not a question of whether these institutions were right or wrong. They were not to be discussed on those terms. Did some poor devil fall foul of any of these powers that be, the *Figaro*, as a matter of principle, hit the poor devil. But all this was done without any of the stiff arrogance that an English paper might adopt. The *Figaro* treated the poor devil as outside the pale of elegance, and elegance was the supreme reason of the boulevard journal.

"And so the *Figaro*, in its six pages of good paper and neat type, had the air of a Parisian *grande dame*, dressed with distinction, *pimpante* and graceful, smiling and bowing, talking politics and persiflage in a breath, and treating

questions of morality with a large good-nature that indicated that the best principle was to be indulgent—even to one's self. The *Figaro*, on the whole, was a cowardly paper, ready at any time for a convenient compromise; and, if the opinion of Francois Coppée be correct, that it was a fair reflex of the average opinion on the boulevard—and I think he speaks by the card—then there is neither spirit, nor grit, nor any kind of fortitude to be looked for in the boulevard in these years of grace.

The *Figaro* is located in a fine building in the Rue Drouot, not very imposing on the exterior, although avoiding the grimy look usual to newspaper offices; but in the interior the taste and art of the Frenchman becomes everywhere manifest. The *Figaro*'s five o'clocks soon became famous, and they are still greatly in vogue. The best artists, lyric and dramatic, appear there; many a successful *début* has been made from the boards of the little theatre fitted up in the interior; and prime ministers, ambassadors, and kings are fairly frequent visitors.

"And so matters continued till the Dreyfus 'affair' arrived, and it is that affair that has at length disrupted the *Figaro*. The *Figaro* was puzzled by the affair. In the first place, the vast majority of its *clientèle*, as, indeed, the vast majority of the French public, believed Dreyfus to be guilty; and, in any case, did not desire to see him proved innocent. The *Figaro*, therefore, in its elegant way, struck Dreyfus with both hands. But the Dreyfus party became powerful, and it is said that money was brought to bear on the machine of the *Figaro*. Whether that be so or not I can not tell, but I know the current impression is that whenever the *Figaro* expresses an opinion, outside of its traditional conservatism, money has been brought to bear. Also M. de Rodays and M. Perivier, the editor and general manager, respectively, were believed to be Dreyfusards.

"The *Figaro* turned round. It turned round, not honestly and gallantly, but with a great deal of circumlocution and

ambiguity; then it wobbled for a time and turned round to the other side again. The subscribers fell off, and that is death to a French paper, for it often happens here that once a paper has gone on the down-slope it falls in an incredibly short time from a commanding position to a state of desolation. And that state was overtaking the *Figaro*.

"Then the share-holders, after long consultation and plotting, determined on a display of energy. They decided to get rid of De Rodays and Perivier. They frightened De Rodays, who sent in his resignation. Not so Perivier, who knew the *Figaro* from the beginning, as the secretary of Villemessant. He defied them. He took advantage of De Rodays' resignation to assume sole control, and when the poor, unfortunate De Rodays saw too late what a blunder he had made and attempted to draw back, saying that his resignation had not been accepted, Perivier ejected him forcibly. He dismissed off-hand M. Cornély, the *Figaro* 'star' writer, who championed the cause of Dreyfus; and he told the chairman of *Figaro* share-holders to attend to his own business.

"Perivier is at present trying a big bluff, and he is endeavoring to round the paper on to Nationalists lines. He lives on the premises, carries a revolver, and supervises and signs every morsel of copy. Then, in order to put himself right with the public, he has caused the *Matin* to begin a sensational campaign against German capitalists who were, it was alleged, buying up the shares of the *Figaro* in order to assume control. It is true that the Germans had bought a few stray shares, but this bogey did not greatly stir the people. The joke of the situation is that the *Matin* is run by foreigners with foreign capital, and that it hopes to get the *Figaro*'s circulation. It will probably get some of it, for I think that the *Figaro* is doomed. The French are a peculiar people, and with all their rulers, and their régimes and their powers, there is only one step between the capitol and the Tarpeian Rock. And, after all, the *Figaro* was a power."

The Mirror

SUMMER SHOWS.

AT THE CAVE.

Auber's moss-covered opera "Fra Diavolo" is the offering at Uhrig's Cave this week.

The Berri disrobing act is the most moving feature of the performance.

Zerlinas there have been many, and as many ways of achieving this scene, so that Uhrig's Cave patrons have grown accustomed to various views of prima donna exposures, but the thinking Berri manages to give this latest view a touch of novelty. Her method has a thoroughness and a completeness about it not present in that of any of her predecessors. There is an agreeable absence of the salacious features that distinguished the well-remembered Dorothy Morton performance, but still the tall prima donna in a matter-of-course, business-like way makes a very clean, thorough job of it.

The Berri constitution contains properties that make her an ideal prima donna. It is, apparently, impervious to cold and heat, to wind and rain, to heavy dinners and late suppers, and it knows not fatigue or prima-donna moods.

Miss Berri is always in "condition." She is always gracious and willing to do everything over again. Hence neither the change in temperature nor the exposure affected the Berri voice or spirits Sunday night. The obligato of song in the disrobing scene was "rendered" in the most approved comic opera fashion, with many flourishes and a high note at the finish.

The "Lucia" sextette topped off the act, and the falling curtain left the Berri voice floating in the clouds at the altitude of D flat.

There were other people in the cast but they did not matter much.

Mr. Allison for instance. What a nice, modest *Diavolo* he was! Even an inky, painfully false pair of moustachios failed to make him a dashing brigand. His voice was as respectable, as unassuming, as his demeanor.

Mr. Steiger and Miss Lodge were the *Lord* and *Lady Allcash* as usual. Mr. Moulan was the *Beppo*, also, surprisingly as usual. Mr. Elder's *Lorenzo*, owing to superior singing, was not as usual.

The chorus and orchestra were up to the average summer standard.

AT THE DELMAR.

The new prima donna smiles much. She has several chins, a bounteous though not unbecoming supply of flesh on other parts of her anatomy, and a disposition to please. But a small portion of voice can be added to the list of her virtues. Enough, however, for the work she has to do. She deserves a lot of credit for jumping in at a moment's notice and giving as intelligent, likeable performance as she does. *Serena* is hardly a part by which to measure Miss Millard's capabilities.

"Said Pasha" is a sad affair. Only as smooth and attractive a performance of Stahl's work as the one given this week at the Delmar makes it endurable.

The chorus looks and sings well and the principals, without exception, are excellent.

My respect and admiration for Blanche Chapman's work increases each week. She makes more of the fearsome part of *Balah* than one would suppose possible, and was complimented by more "laughs" than the comedian received. This comedian, though, must not be underestimated. His make up is comical, his acting effectively funny and he interpolated a most amusing song.

Agnes Paul lives up to her reputation as a stage beauty. The glittering robes, flowing wig and far-away look of the spirit-seeing *Alti* are immensely fetching. The fair Agnes, too, interpolates a ballad that makes a hit.

Edwin Clark also makes his vocal success, this week, with music not in the score of the opera.

Gordon's is a rare voice—better this week than ever.

This "superb presentation of Scott Marble and Richard Stahl's famous Oriental lyric pleasantries" (apologies to Mr. Spamer) is further made bearable by two colorful settings from the brush of C. H. Ritter.

The Lounger.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Every act of the bill at Forest Park Highlands is good and every phase of vaudeville is represented. Next week's entertainment will lift the standard still higher. The Flying Banyards are new here, and great in their line. The Delauer-Debrimont Trio will play a return engagement with new singing act. Lavender and Thompson are clever comedians, and the Whiting Sisters among the country's greatest female cornetists. The future promises Marie Dressler, Cissy Loftus, and a string of other good names; which will repeat the harvest of the *Della Fox* week. James J. Cobett will arrive about the first of August.

¶

The bill at Uhrig's Cave next week, beginning Sunday evening, will be the always popular and tuneful "Chimes of Normandy." The prima donna will be the Germaine. Gertrude Lodge will take the part of Serpette. Fanny DaCosta will be seen as Gertrude, and Ada Mansfield as Jeanne. The male roles will be cast as follows: Henri, Marquis de Cornerville, John Allison; The Baillie, George Hubert; The Notary, Wm. Steiger; Greinchaux, Clinton Elder; and Gaspard will be rendered by Frank Moulan. New costumes and new scenery will be seen in the Chimes, the latter from the brush of Max Greenburgh, who is doing excellent artistic work for Manager McNear's garden. There will be the usual Saturday matinee this week, and "Fra Diavolo" should attract a goodly number of the fair sex.

¶

"The Idol's Eye," Victor Herbert's best opera, will be put on by the company at the Delmar, next Sunday night, for one week. Manager Southwell, on that evening, will place the prices at 25 and 50 cents. During the rest of the week the scale will be 25, 50 and 75 cents as heretofore. "The Idol's Eye" is to be put on with the best cast available. Edward A. Clark, the popular baritone, has the part of Don Pablo Tobasco and Blanche Chapman appears as the Chief Priestess of the Temple of the Ruby. After her success as *Alti*, in "Said Pasha," the casting of Miss Agnes Paul as Damayanti, the Nautch Girl, in "The Idol's Eye," was a matter of course. It is another of those graceful, draped statuette roles in which Miss Paul always monopolizes the center of the stage. On Monday evening, July 15, in honor of the French Fete, there will be presented a fine tableau: La Marseillaise, arranged according to Gustave Dore's famous canvas, with Miss Millard as the French Goddess of Liberty and the Company in the characteristic grouping. There will be special light effects and an enlarged orchestra. "The Little Tycoon," "El Capitan" and "Wang" are in preparation.

¶

The Suburban management has made changes in its programme that have met with popular favor, such as eliminating the ballet and lengthening the vaudeville offerings and providing greater variety. Galetti's monkeys will be a unique feature of the Suburban's bill for next week. Nothing like them has ever been seen here. Kelly and Violette, the fashion-plate duo, are on the programme, while the Daugherty sisters are billed for their fine singing act. Lew Sully, the minstrel, will present himself and his comicalities as of yore. The D'Onzo brothers, acrobats, have phenomenal act illustrating the possibilities of human agility. Callahan and Mack put on a new comedy sketch in their pronounced vein. The programme is the best yet presented at this resort this season. The other entertainment features at the Suburban are maintaining their drawing power.

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A GOOD SHOWING.

FOUR OF A KIND.

The Mississippi Valley Trust Company makes a grand showing in its semi-annual report of condition, printed in this issue of the *MIRROR*. This company has barely passed its tenth birthday, having been incorporated October 3, 1890, and having commenced business on April 1, 1891. At its organization its paid-up capital was only \$750,000. On July 1, 1893, its paid-up capital was increased to \$1,300,000, and five years thereafter, on July 1, 1898, still further increased to \$1,500,000. On December 31, 1899, the capital stock was paid up in the full sum authorized, \$3,000,000, at which figure it still stands. The surplus of the company is now \$3,500,000 and the undivided profits in excess of \$500,000, so that the company's actual cash working capital is now more than \$7,000,000. Quarterly dividends have been regularly paid to its shareholders, in good times and bad, from the first year in which it commenced business until this date. The rate paid was 6 per cent per annum from December 31, 1891, to December 31, 1899. The dividends were then increased to 10 per cent per annum and have been easily earned, hand in hand with a constantly growing surplus.

The statement of condition reveals the following increases in the past six months: In footings, \$5,000,000; in the deposits, \$5,000,000, and in undivided profits, \$100,000. The number of estates and persons doing business with the various departments is 23,557. The present executive officers of the company have been in control since its organization, and the accounting they now make is very interesting reading for patrons as well as shareholders.

Two ladies contended for precedence in the court of Charles the Fifth. They appealed to the monarch, who, like Solomon, awarded: "Let the eldest go first." Such a dispute was never known afterward.

Henry J. Byron, one of the wittiest of English playwrights of a score of years ago, remarked on one occasion: "A play is like a cigar. If it's good, everybody wants a box. If it's bad, all the puffing in the world won't make it go."

A young man who had just entered the office of Jeremiah Mason, the great New Hampshire legal luminary, to study law, asked him where he should begin. Mason, pointing to the books on the library shelves, answered laconically: "Anywhere."

John Lawrence Toole, the most popular low comedian of his day, once gave a supper to eighty of his friends, and wrote a note to each of them privately beforehand, asking him whether he would be so good as to say grace, as no clergyman would be present. It is said that the faces of those eighty men, as they rose in a body when Toole tapped on the table, as a signal for grace, was a sight which will never be forgotten.—*From the Argonaut.*

AMUSING THE CHILDREN: Mrs. McShantee (triumphantly)—"I see ye are takin' in washin' again, Mrs. McProudee!" Mrs. McProudee (whose husband has lost a paying job)—"Sure, it's only to amuse th' childer. They wants th' windies covered wid steam so they can make pictures on them."—*New York Weekly.*

The Mirror

11

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Mrs. W. S. McKinney and family have gone to Atlantic City.

Mrs. James Hagerman, Jr., will leave July 16th, for Buffalo.

Mrs. S. A. Gaylord and family are summering at Grosse Ile, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McCormick will spend the summer in Detroit.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Duncan left last Saturday evening for California.

Miss Lulu Andrews, of Dallas, Tex., is the guest of Miss Lucille Overstolz.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Jones have gone to their cottage at Fort Griswold, Conn.

Mrs. Dorsheimer and Miss Ella Dorsheimer are settled at Grosse Ile, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Bixby, of Portland place, are in their cottage at Lake George.

Mrs. Douglas Cook and Miss Carrie Cook left last Sunday for Buffalo and, later, Cape May.

Mr. George Castleman and Miss Margaret Postlewait are settled at Cape May for the summer.

Mrs. A. F. Bridge and her son, Mr. Robert Bridge, left last Saturday for Ocean View, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Pierce have taken a cottage for the summer at Hyannisport, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gould will sail Saturday for Europe, to join Col. and Mrs. D. B. Gould in Paris.

Miss Nina Cornell, of St. Joe, Mo., is the guest of Mrs. Ernest Bruckman, of Lindell boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Scudder and Miss Lucy Scudder will leave, August 1st, for a long stay at Hyannisport.

Mrs. Charles Bland Smith and Mrs. Roberts will pass the summer at Campo Bello, on the coast of Maine.

Mrs. Armand Peugnet is at Cape Vincent, Mass. She will be joined later by her daughter, Miss Berthold.

Mrs. Leroy Valliant, of Westminster place, is entertaining her relative, Miss Linnie Johnson, from the South.

Mrs. Mary Papin, accompanied by Misses Josephine and Eugenia Papin, have gone to Coburg, Canada.

Dr. and Mrs. Otto Forster, with the Misses Overstolz, are at Newport, and later will "do" the Buffalo exposition.

Mrs. Wells H. Blodgett and Miss Margaret Blodgett will leave next month for Cushing Island, on the New England coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ames, who were married in the early spring, and have been traveling in the Orient, have returned to St. Louis.

Mrs. F. B. Aglar, accompanied by Misses Mary, Susan Leigh and Ruth Slattery, will spend the summer at White Sulphur Springs, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Amadee V. Reyburn, Jr., accompanied by Miss Josephine Lee, have gone to Boston and the New England coast resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Ball and family, of West Belle Place, have gone to Battle Lake, Minnesota, for the summer and will occupy their new cottage.

Mrs. Wallace Butler, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Fred Allen, have returned from French Lick Springs and will go later to Atlantic City.

Mrs. H. K. Gilman, of Lindell boulevard, is entertaining Miss Katharine Thompson, of Chicago, who will remain until Mr. and Mrs. Gilman and their family leave for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Moon, of 5747 Bartimer avenue, have issued cards for their silver wedding anniversary, which they will celebrate on Saturday evening, July 13.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stephen Platt have sent out cards announcing the marriage of their niece, Miss Anna Johnson, to Mr. Joseph Jefferson Howard, which took place on Tuesday, July 2d.

Among a party of St. Louisans who are to take a vacation at Deer Park, Md., are Mr. and Mrs. Murray Carleton and family, Mr. L. A. Smith, Mrs. Christie and Mr. Thomas Hamilton and family.

The marriage of Mrs. Edwina Bixby Ladd and Dr. Louis T. Pim was quietly solemnized, Tuesday evening, in the presence of a few intimate friends, by Rev. S. C. Palmer, of the Lafayette Park Presbyterian Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Clemens Strassberger left last week for their vacation. They will visit French Lick, Buffalo, Put-In-Bay, Detroit and other places, for pleasure and in the interest of the Conservatory.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Luyties gave a coaching party to the Glen Echo Club, a few evenings since, the guests being Mr. and Mrs. Walter Thompson, Misses Carrie Cook and Lily Luyties.

Messrs. Stanley Stoner, George Helmuth and Edward Preatorius.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Kimball are spending the summer at Mrs. Harney's place, Harneyswold, near Florissant. Miss Mary Kimball is with them. In the fall Mrs. Kimball will go to Galveston, Tex., to spend several months with her two daughters, Mrs. Kearney Mason and Mrs. Peete.

Messrs. Will and Joseph Matthews, of Kirkwood, have announced their engagements. Mr. Will Matthews is to marry Miss Estelle Nast, formerly of St. Louis, but now residing in New York. Mr. Joseph Matthews will wed Miss Lottie Jones, of Kirkwood. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Loraine Jones. No date has been set for either function.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marion Lindsay to Mr. Frank Overton Suire, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Miss Lindsay is well known in society and has made her home for several years with Mrs. Ashley D. Scott. She is now summering with the Scotts, at their cottage at Wequetonning. No date has been set for the wedding, but it will probably be an event of the early fall.

Cards were received last week by the St. Louis friends of Miss Elizabeth Gordon, announcing her marriage to Mr. Pierce Sewell, of Chicago. The ceremony was a quiet family affair, taking place at the country seat of Mr. Lindell Gordon, her brother, at Bass Rock, Mass., on Wednesday, July 3d, at eleven o'clock in the morning. The young couple will live at Concord, Mass. Miss Gordon has been traveling for the past year in Europe.

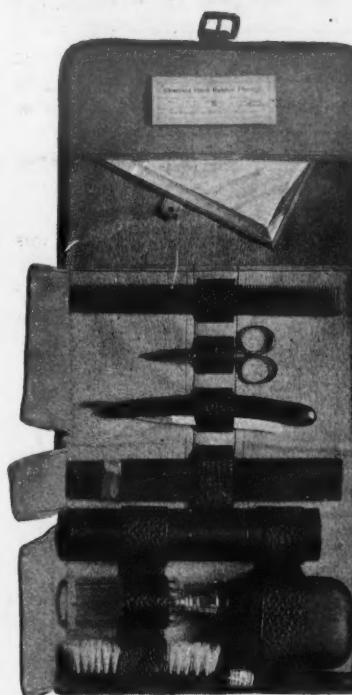
The fourth of July entertainment given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Kemper Gilman, of 4054 Lindell boulevard, was one of the most unique and pretty of the summer functions. After a fine fireworks display for the special benefit of the children, Miss Mary Gilman and Master Alfred Gilman, the affair became a lawn party. Among the guests were Messrs. and Mesdames Jim Byrnes, Thomas W. Crews, Misses Nellie Hoblitzelle, Lily Belle Pierce, Marie Peugnet, Mary Meade and Katharine Thompson, of Chicago, Misses Nat Ewing, Will Ater, R. Park Von Wedelstaedt, Charles Scudder, Tuttle and Albert C. Bretelle, of Chicago.

You'll want nice shoes to go away in on your vacation. Swope's has 'em, all sorts, all the best in fit, finish, durability. Swope's, at 311 North Broadway, has shoes for all sorts of people that want good shoes and are willing to pay a fit price for them. See Swope's shoes and you'll look no farther.

WOMEN ARTISTS.

No fewer than 270 women artists are represented this year at the Royal Academy in London by works in oil, water color, black and white, marble or metal. This is a falling off of about twenty from last year's exhibit, but this is not surprising when it is understood that the total of works of all kinds in the present academy is only 1,823, as compared with 2,007 last year. The women's exhibit consists of 150 miniatures, 118 paintings in oil, fifty-five water colors and pastels, twenty works of various kinds in black and white and twenty-eight examples in the sculpture galleries. One of the most admired of all the works in this year's academy, either by men or women, is Mrs. M. L. Waller's "Bobby Abercromby." It is described as a "sympathetic study of childhood" by the critics, and declared to be "clever."

A woman who is of high social distinction in America, was presented to the Kaiser at some dinner that was not attended with royal state. She was talking to him when she was offered a famous German salad. It was handed on her right and the Kaiser was on her left, which put her in a predicament. She did not dare turn her face from the emperor to help herself to the salad. The situation was too much for her. The emperor, seeing the condition at a glance, looked at her for an instant and laughed, as he said: "A Kaiser can wait, but a salad can not."



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WHERE DID THEY GET IT?

Deputy Lasies has introduced a bill in the French Chamber of Deputies which has provoked vociferous indignation among some of the benches and great merriment among others. The bill provides that the Government, after exhaustive investigation, print a volume or series of volumes, giving the origin and development of all private fortunes above a million. M. Lasies appended the following in justification of his demand that urgency be declared by the chamber.

"WHEREAS. Large accumulations of money, by concentrating power in a few hands, imperil the correctness of elections and the impartiality of legislation and tend to place the majority of the citizens under the virtual bondage of a small class;

"WHEREAS. The essential purposes of republican institutions would thereby be defeated;

"WHEREAS. Moreover, it is now recognized as almost impossible, philosophically and scientifically, to accumulate many millions without taking undue advantage of the laws and your fellow creatures.

"It is moved that it is an urgent duty of the state to furnish the people, among other educational facilities, with data on the origin and development of every private fortune exceeding one million dollars, so that intelligent citizenship may be fostered and nefarious usurpation of public respect and influence may be rendered less easy."

M. Lasies thought that such a law would not be unduly inquisitorial; that honest millionaires would not be afraid to let it be known how they or their fathers made their money. The general impression is that the bill will not pass, but three papers have already announced that they will accept Lasies' suggestion and will soon publish a series of startling chapters in modern history.

with the work of brilliant men—masters of the art of thoughtful, vivid and nervous writing. Most of these men, indeed, are largely occupied with the routine of journalism, and their creative work, therefore, most frequently takes the shape of brief character sketches, picturesque narrative of small actual or imagined incidents, and of verse. All this would be lost after its appearance before the clientele of a single newspaper were it not for the tireless efforts of *Current Literature* to rescue the best of it, lay it before a wider audience and give it permanent being.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

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THE STORY'S ENDING.

"Well," I asked, as she laid down the gaily covered magazine. I was sorry for the ending of the tale, when the gray eyes ceased to flash and the kind lips to quiver.

"It is a pretty story, Mr. Norton," she said. "Oh, no, you needn't shake your head. I'm not saying so just because it's yours. I cannot imagine how you could write it."

"Pen and ink, whisky and soda, tailor's bill as a stimulus!"

"Please don't make fun. I want to be serious." When she looks at me in her earnest way I am helpless.

"Does that mean criticism?" I inquired, leaning a little toward her.

"Criticism and inquiry—if I may?"

"Inquiry by all means. I'm rather afraid of your criticism, do you know?" She is very bright, and her remarks often help me, as a matter of fact.

She opened and shut the magazine absently.

"What I was wondering," she said, "was why you wrote so seriously, and talked so frivolously; whether one mood was the real you, and the other a sham you; and which was which!"

"I think," I protested, "I would rather have the criticism, if you don't mind."

She laughed softly. I like her laugh. "It is rather an obtrusive question. But I should very much like to know. You do mean this"—she touched the book—"a little don't you?"

"Ye—es," I said, "I suppose I do. I did when I wrote it, anyhow."

"And afterwards?"

"I keep my seriousness for serious occasions."

"Which is a rebuke for my inquisitiveness, I suppose?" She flushed a little. She is rather pale generally. Some people wouldn't call her good-looking. I do.

"I didn't mean it to be," I apologized. "I ought to be flattered at your interest—"

"In your tales," she corrected.

"In my tales, of course I suppose the real answer is, that I do not carry my heart upon my sleeve."

"But you have one all the same?" A touch of wistfulness makes her voice perfect.

"T'y!" I caught her eyes for a moment and stopped. I had made up my mind to keep heart-whole before I met her.

"Now for the criticism," she continued hastily.

"Or as large an instalment as I can stand."

"The criticism must not be misunderstood. You will remember, please, that I like the tale—like it very much in fact." I bowed.

"The criticism is—?"

"That, it is a repetition of your other tales." I gasped.

"Why I thought it was quite different!" She shook her head. "Fresh characters, fresh scenery, new plot, original phrases—"

"The machinery is different, but the story is really the same."

"In what way? In being about a man and a woman?"

"Yes." I laughed.

"If you can invent a third kind of person," I said, "I'll utilize it with pleasure. At present I haven't made the discovery."

"Don't be absurd. What I mean is that your men and women always do the same thing."

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AND PINE.

"Fall in love?"
"Exactly."
"There are lots of ways of doing it," I suggested.

"At the present rate you will soon exhaust them. Whatever will you do then?"

I lit a cigarette, with her permission, to aid reflection.

"I'm hanged if I know. I've often wondered myself. Make them fall out of love, I suppose."

"And when you've exhausted that?"

"Make them fall in again!" She stamped her foot impatiently.

"Do you absolutely refuse to be original? I cannot think you do yourself justice in keeping to such a hackneyed theme—though I admit you do it very nicely."

"I might do it better if I had more practical experience," I suggested. There is something about her big eyes and the little droop at the corners of her mouth which makes a fellow say that sort of thing, you know.

"Now remember our compact," she warned me. We were pledged to a purely platonic friendship. I've had that sort of thing in my tales, but it always broke down.

"The keeping of a platonic compact," said I, "would be a novel theme, don't you think?"

"Would it be interesting enough?" she asked, doubtfully.

"There! What stronger defense could I have? I propose to leave out the love-making, and you say that the interest would be gone." She drummed upon the table with her fingers.

"Surely there is some other theme?" I knocked the ash deliberately off my cigarette.

"Upon my word," I confessed, "I'm not sure that there is. But I'll think over it."

Then her brothers came in, and we changed the subject until I was going. It is part of the compact that she shall see me out of the door. I insisted upon it.

"When shall I communicate the result of my deliberations?" I asked in the hall. "To-morrow?"

"I'm going to Vereker's."

"And Wednesday, I'm due at a smoker. Thursday?"

"If you like."

"Thursday, then. Good-night, Mary."

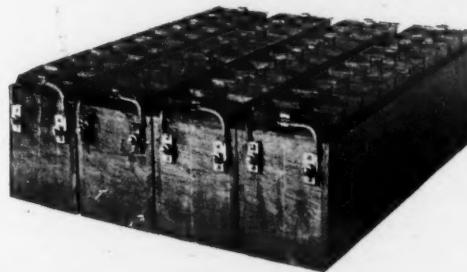
It is in the compact that I am not to call her Mary, but I do. Sometimes she objects, sometimes she doesn't. On this occasion she only tossed her head, and half turned away from me. She is aware that she looks well in profile. I suddenly bent over her, and—

"How dare you!" she cried, hotly.

"I could'n help it, Mary; you looked so

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"No—o; perhaps not." I knew it would score. "Still, there are bounds to friendship." She shut her little mouth decisively. "It you mean last Tuesday—"

"I don't want to talk about it," she interrupted. "Have you considered about the stories?"

"Yes; I have reasoned out my position most carefully—Mary." She frowned, but passed the familiarity.

"And your conclusion?"

"Is in verse."

"Oh! how nice!" Women always like a fellow to run to verse. I suppose it is because he is sure to give himself away!

"Let me see it."

"On condition that you read it aloud." She looked objections. "I want to hear if I got the swing."

So she declaimed softly. I think I said she had a pretty voice:

TO MARY.

I made me a tale of the tempest at sea,
Full of thunder and lightning above,
And the terrors that be when the storm-winds
are free—

But the end of the story was love!

I sang me a song of a raid in the glen,
With a tilt of the pipers who played,
Strike again, strike again, and die fighting like
men!

And the struggle was over a maid!

I planned me a play of a monarch of fame,
And his courtiers in silken attire,
And his statesmen, who came like a moth to the
flame—

For a pair of bright eyes were the fire!

I peaned the praise of an hero so calm,
And so strong in the tumult to stand,
When I found me the charm that had strength-
ened his arm—

It was only the touch of a hand!

And I? If my heart for a moment be strong,
If my tale of a page ring sincere,
Or if merits belong to the play or the song—
They are only your echoes, my dear!

When she came to the last line her voice
was very soft, and just a little tearful. I
put my hand on her shoulder, and we stood
looking silently at the paper for a minute.
Then I drew her gently to me—the way
the stories end!—J. A. Flynn, in *Black and
White*.

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CONVENIENT BERLIN.

In Berlin the public convenience in regard to transit is consulted in every possible way. The streets are excellently made and faultlessly maintained, thanks to the existence of a perfect army of scavengers who haunt the thoroughfares day and night. A thorough system of tramway communication exists under the careful oversight of the police authority, which similarly regulates the number, character, movement and fares of every carriage which plies within the city limits.

The postal arrangements are in every way admirable. A post box is found at almost every street corner, and nowhere is it found necessary to walk more than a couple of minutes before finding a post-office, and while the telegraph service is both efficient and cheap, a pneumatic post for the speedy dispatch of small letters has for many years proved a great boon to the inhabitants.

The welfare of the working classes is promoted by a number of municipal institutions. Under the care of the town council an efficient system of labor bureaus is maintained, and work-seekers are allowed to register themselves without fee, while during the severe winter months manual employment is offered to bona-fide workmen who are without means of subsistence. Free night shelters are also kept open for the homeless at the public expense. The suburban railways offer every facility for reaching the attractive forests which surround the metropolis. Nevertheless, the industrial quarters all have their own little parks and playgrounds; in busy centers disused graveyards, suitably planted and seated, are also thrown open to the public.

The German is nothing if not logical, and so the policeman, being convinced that public streets are for traffic, holds it to be contrary to common sense to allow them to be obstructed, and he acts accordingly. The professional mendicant is not allowed to proclaim his woes unto the sympathetic ears of the passers-by nor the mutilated Lazarus to expose his wounds to public gaze. Begging in general is drastically repressed. Street peddling is only permitted by licence and the accompanying conditions must be scrupulously observed. Street crying must be engaged in warily or the catch-penny may find himself suddenly marching in the direction of the guard house.—*Harper's Magazine*.

A SHADOWLESS LIGHT.

In an improved form of arc lamp for street and other lighting purposes the carbons are so placed as to throw no shadow underneath the lamp. One of the objections to the arc light heretofore has been the shadow cast by the mechanism necessary to support the lower carbon, but the new lamp overcomes this by suspending both carbons in an oblique position from the top of the lamp. It is understood that the light in an arc lamp is produced by the passage of the electric current between the slightly separated points of the carbons, and to maintain these points in proper relation the inventor has provided a clamping mechanism actuated by the expansion and contraction of the central rod of the governor. The first action, as the rod expands, is the clamping of the carbon pencils to prevent further downward movement, and the second is the spreading of the point until the arc is formed

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between them. As soon as the points are consumed partially the rod is again drawn upward, allowing the points of the carbons to fall together once more, which feed is assisted by the coiled springs attached at the upper end of the carbons.

THE MIRROR

One of the heaviest prices exacted by Mrs. McKinley's invalidism is found in the forfeiture of many of the pleasures dear to the feminine heart. When she goes shopping she has no choice but to remain in the carriage and permit the clerks to carry selections of the goods to the curb for her inspection. Much of the delight which the ordinary woman feels in the possession of a new gown is also denied to her from the fact that the frailty of her spine makes it necessary for Mrs. McKinley to remain seated even during the process of fitting by the modiste. In the selection of the trimmings for her *toilettes*, however, Mrs. McKinley takes the deepest interest, and she is especially fond of handsome lace. A head of hair that was in very truth the proverbial woman's glory constitutes another one of Mrs. McKinley's sacrifices, for she found that the exactions of modern hairdressing art were a severe strain upon her strength.

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The Mirror

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES E. YEATMAN.

In the passing of Mr. James E. Yeatman this community has suffered a grievous loss. There has gone out from among us a personality wholly unique, altogether excellent, and, with it, a living influence for good the like of which we shall not soon know again. Happily such an influence does not perish with the mortal frame from which it emanates, for then had our bereavement been without any measure of consolation. But, like the echoing cadences of a great anthem which rings on in the hearts of men long after its composer has crumbled into dust, his memory will survive, an eternal monument of good, so long as mankind shall esteem virtue and revere its great examples.

The life of this man was an unbroken series of good works, kind words. In a career of uncommon length and varied business activity he did well all that his hands found to do, in a clear-headed, practical way, and yet was the instrument for the healing of sorrows without number and the relief of uncounted sufferers. He held no elaborate theories of philanthropy, theories that too often, alas, never crystallize into deeds. He had but little to say of systems for the uplifting of the "submerged tenth," or of the great social problems concerning the elevation of the masses. Not that he underrated or decried the value of intelligent, organized charity, for it was largely, if not altogether, by him that the great Sanitary Commission was organized in 1861 and accomplished its great mission of mercy among the victims of the Civil War. But he felt deeply the power of the personal element in aiding the unfortunate and so he gave not only of his goods but of himself, of his cheery, helpful personality to those who were needy. He sweetened the gift with a hopeful word and thus his giving was twice blessed. He was not prominent in conventions of charitable workers, he wrote no addresses on the science of administering aid to the poor, but he stands pre-eminent among the men of his day for efficient, intelligent beneficence. He sought the thing that was at hand; he believed

"To do
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom."

And believing this he looked not among the stars, but round about him in the busy haunts of men; he sought the sick and the sorrowing where he knew they could be found, and gave them freely of his time, his substance and, what was more than all, his sympathy.

He was one of those few, the very few, who always had time to do kind things. For a generation he was one of the most active men of affairs, a successful merchant, a leading banker. No man ever knew him to leave a duty unperformed, yet, after laborious days, when most men rest, he, with untiring activity, sought out the needy, the suffering souls amongst all sorts and conditions of men, and ministered to their wants with an infinite grace of patience and gentleness, a tactful, thoughtful tenderness which made a 'gift, however trifling, a blessing. And he knew well that he who gives quickly gives twice. Once when there occurred a great disaster near the city there was a calling of meetings and a mighty pother about organizing a relief expedition; it was found, when all was ready, that Mr. Yeatman had long before hired wagons, filled them with food and

blankets and was first upon the scene with aid.

It must not be thought that his work was wholly or even largely confined to the helping of the needy poor in material things. He did more of this than, perhaps, any other man. But he fulfilled a higher mission than this. He knew that hunger and cold are not the causes of the greatest suffering, and, with a perception born of a most exquisite refinement, he could discern the unspoken torture of an anguished heart and pour into it the healing balm of comfort and hope. He had that rare and perfect tact which enabled him to give to the disconsolate the supreme consolation of silent sympathy, and he possessed a great store of tenderness, an opulence of gentle, kindly feeling which tinged every good deed with a rich drapery of color—iridescent with the warm impulses of his own heart. Guileless as a child, he was yet able to detect and sharply rebuke the claims of the unworthy; able, also, to deny help which his tender heart might dictate, but which his judgment condemned, and yet with such truthful reasons and such mild reproof that even the disappointed claimant held no resentment.

In his long and active life Mr. Yeatman acquired a large store of wealth. Had he followed the usual course of men he might have died rich. He died very poor. He gave away one fortune after another. He reversed the usual order—laboring that he might give, not that he might accumulate. Nor was his giving indiscriminate or impulsive. It was wise and timely; never prodigal, always carefully adjusted to his means, his obligations and the exigencies of the case. Though importuned, at the close of his career, to hold official sinecures he would never accept a cent which he did not feel that he had fairly earned: not even for the luxury of giving was he willing to receive anything but the fruit of his own toil.

In person he was the embodiment of a dignity and a simplicity always the attributes of good feeling and purity of heart. Of a genial, hopeful nature, fond of social intercourse, unembittered by contact with evil and suffering, his countenance beamed with friendliness to all. Like the "Doctor of the Old School," who ministered to the hearts as well as the ailments of the good people of Drumtochty, he carried with him an atmosphere of buoyant, almost youthful, optimism which made many feel that his very smile was a benediction.

There can be no summary of such a character as Mr. Yeatman's, because words are but poor exponents of the great qualities which he possessed. It is possible only to suggest the virtues which were not attributes but integral parts of himself, and then each must in the realm of feeling clothe upon his memory the very highest essence and expression of those qualities in the concrete and perfect form in which they appeared in him. To say that he was faultless, the incarnation of all virtue would seem exaggerated; and yet those who knew him best and longest must frankly confess that no fault can be pointed out, and that his life is unstained by any shadow of wrong doing. A living, breathing personality, in touch with all the activities of men, he lived a life far beyond the allotted life of man, and yet, who can say he has a peer in all the land for sheer, unselfish, disinterested goodness?

"Of all sincere.
"In action faithful, and in honor clear
"Who broke no promise, served no private end,
"Who gained no title and who lost no friend."

These words, spoken by one English poet

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of another, truthfully but not fully express the man. He is of the fortunate ones whose name is engraved upon the hearts of thousands, and whose eulogies are the unspoken, grateful memories and the reverent sorrow of those who were for more than half a century the objects of his solicitude and the grateful recipients of his bounty. He needs no epitaph. His achievement consisted in the uplifting of men and the exemplification of the noblest virtues. St. Louis loses in him her greatest citizen, great in those simple virtues which are the saving grace of humanity. Great in his humility, his self-abnegation, his trusting nature, his devotion to good works, in his absolute righteousness. To have lost such a citizen is a heavy sorrow. To have possessed such a one is a high distinction. There is no man or woman in our midst who is not the better for his having lived; none but should hold in reverent gratitude his treasured memory.

J. L. B.

A NEW FOOD FAD.

The latest theory of the proper food for man tells us that in order properly to support life it is essential to feed on vital food. By vital food apparently is meant food that in some sort lives. Nothing must be cooked, for "fire destroys life," but anything may be sun-dried, for "the sun imparts life." All meat is rigorously excluded from this new dietary, on the ground that flesh implies the loss of life to the animal, and, therefore, by metaphorical implication, to the man who consumes it. But on this theory it would surely be permissible to eat, for instance, fresh oysters. As they have a larger share of vital force than, shall we say, a cabbage stalk, they ought to impart a greater degree of vital force to their consumer. The chief merit of this strange system lies in the necessity it lays upon its supporters to consume large quantities of fruit. It is probable that the ordinary man's diet would, from the

point of view of health, be greatly improved if he ate something like twenty times as much fruit as he does, though it is true that many people make up arrears manfully in the berry season, which is being celebrated with as much vigor as usual.

THE OMAR BOOM.

It has been pointed out as a curious commentary on the present FitzGerald vogue that in John Glyde's biography it is stated:

"In 1859 Edward FitzGerald went to the shop of Bernard Quaritch, in Castle Street, Leicester Square, and dropped a heavy parcel there saying: 'Quaritch, I make you a present of these books.' The parcel consisted of nearly two hundred copies of the first edition of the 'The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.' Mr. Quaritch tried to sell the books, first at half a crown, then at a shilling; and, again descending, he offered them at sixpence, but buyers were not attracted. Then, in despair, he reduced the book to one penny, and put copies into a box outside his door, with a ticket: 'All these at one penny each.' At that price the pamphlet moved, in a few weeks the lot was sold, and in this way one of the finest gems of English literature was dispersed among a not over-discerning public."

Some years ago when Bishop Potter, of New York, was traveling in Minnesota, a man approached him on the railway platform and scanned his features closely. "Excuse me," he said, finally, "but haven't I seen your picture in the papers?" He was compelled to confess that he had. "I thought so," continued the inquisitive one; "may I ask what you were cured of?"

Wedding stationery, correct form, best materials, finest workmanship, executed in their own shops on premises, under personal supervision. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway corner Locust.

THE "FATHER OF GOLF'S."

Tom Morris of St. Andrews, Scotland, the "Nestor," of golf, celebrated his 80th birthday last month, as he was born on the 16th of June, 1821. The name of old Tom is well known and highly honored wherever the royal and ancient game is followed, and hearty congratulations of all golfers went forward to the venerable old man on the occasion of such an interesting event. Although he has reached the advanced age of four-score years, it is remarkable to see Tom moving about with much of the buoyancy of a man with half his years. He is wonderfully active, his spirit is as bright and cheerful as ever, and his interest in all matters pertaining to golf has lost none of its keenness. He is still ever ready to give assistance in the way of advice when desired by the clubs, and it was only last week that he visited Crieff and gave his opinion regarding some alterations that are proposed to be made on the course there. His vitality is seen by his daily movements on the links. If he is not strolling out the course in company with his favorite collie, Silver—a faithful companion—throwing his keen eye over the greens which are so dear to him, he will, in all probability, be found engaging in a round with one or other of his old friends connected with the club. Tom is indeed, the golfer's favorite. In the course of a recent conversation, Tom made some interesting comparisons regarding golf now and golf half a century ago. "Clubmaking," said Tom, in his characteristic homely style, "is nowadays more a blacksmith's job, so many iron clubs are there in use."

"Fifty years ago our clubs consisted of a driver, a long spoon, a middle spoon, a putter, a driving putter, and another wooden club called a baffey spoon, used when playing up to the hole, but nowadays the only wooden clubs are a driver and a brassey, the others being iron clubs. The baffey, however, is again coming more into use, which I can assure you I am very pleased to see."

On looking over the list of winners of the open championship, it is interesting to note that old Tom and his son "Tommy"—whose short but brilliant career is known to every golfer—have been the only players to win the championship four times.



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Vacation days are at hand, and the weary brainworker, putting behind him the mad roar of traffic and the unremitting hum of industry, flies like a child to its mother, and reposes for a space upon Dame Nature's breast—

Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, where one may keep the noiseless tenor of his way; far from the clangling cable train and eke the rattling "L;" far from the thousand ills that city flesh is heir to when Old Sol relentlessly pours down his enervating rays, and Gen. Humidity, with Assyrian hosts, sweeps down like wolf upon the (see page 4,) tired humanity may find surcease of mental and physical toil and be at rest.

Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

Take the Chicago and Arcadee!

From a soporific seat in one of our palace cars the traveler may see the cattle on a thousand hills, and witness Plenty smiling on

a peaceful land. Unto the willing ears of Corn the summer breezes sing a slumber song, and Corn nods drowsily to the unsleeping trees that stand like sentinels along the field edge; trees that have kept a watch and ward through the long centuries, through whose summer draperies and winter lacy the smoke of the red man's council fire has floated lazily to heaven.

We give a sample of the glories of this unsurpassed highway to Mother Nature's heart:

SILVER LAKE.

A famous watering place. This beautiful sheet of dimpling aqua pura is three miles long and one and one-half miles wide. Kaleidoscopic beauties fringe its pebbled shores. Como were a frog pond to it. Splendid hotels (rates five to six dollars per week) dot the greensward that slopes amphitheatrically from the fair lake's crystal rim. Volcanic rocks, thrown out in some far distant, unremembered aeon by a mighty throb of Mother's Nature heart, contribute a picturesque note to a landscape as smiling as has ever cracked a grin. The drives are the finest in the State. Farm houses, presided over by gentlemanly farmers, offer a retreat for those that give a preference to the pastoral; and countless nooks by babbling brooks, or by the crystal rim referred to, allure the pleasureseeker that finds in canvas life the joys that are not in hotel or farm house.

The waters of Silver Lake teem with trout, black bass, pike, muskellunge and salmon. (No German carp allowed.) Enormous strings are taken out daily.

On the shore of Silver Lake is the famous "Lover's Leap," a spot so beautiful that one, in viewing it, is affected by a melancholy sadness, and ponders on the sweet and bitter cup of unrequited love. (We publish the legend of "Lover's Leap" in a separate folder.)

P. S.—Silver lake is a veritable paradise for devotees of the wheel.

Other famous resorts for the angler are Crystal lake, Tranquil lake, Goldbrick, Bunko lake and Lake Con. The waters of these lakes—

Teem	with	Trout,
Swarm		Bass,
Are stocked		Pickerel,
Seethe		Muskellunge,
Are crowded		Salmon,
Boil	Shiners,	
Abound	Sunfish,	

Send for supplementary folders.

—From a "Line o' Type or Two" in the Chicago Tribune.

• • •

GRAND AVENUE PARK.

The Maurice Freeman Company at Grand Avenue Park this week, is presenting that always popular favorite "East Lynne." Mr. Freeman promised the best revival of the play ever given in St. Louis by a stock company, and he is keeping his word. The play is the biggest kind of a hit with the summer gardener. Next week's bill, opening with a matinee on Sunday, July 15, will be the much discussed "Sapho." Miss Nadine Winston will appear in the title role of *Fannie Le Grande (Sapho)* and Mr. Freeman will appear as Jean Goussin, in which character he received great credit, when this piece was produced by the Imperial Theatre Stock Company. The presentation is a large one and necessitates augmenting the company to quite an extent, while the scenic effects will be all that the piece requires.

The usual matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

The Mirror

"Old Hickory" Furniture

Suggestive of the scent of the forest pure mountain air and the crispy crush of long walks through the woods.

A Natural Hickory product with the bark left on the backs and seats of wide Hickory splints. A Picturesque addition to Lawn, Garden or Veranda, Comfort unmistakable.

Large Rockers, \$2.75

Tables, \$2.00



Arm Chairs, \$1.50

Settees, \$3.00

Scamitt-Comstock Furniture Co.

BROADWAY AND LOCUST.

POISON IVY ANTIDOTE.

In this season of outings many people are in dread of the effects of poison ivy.

Many antidotes to the poisoning have been recommended, as it affects different people differently, and among the most efficacious have been strong soapsuds and bicarbonate of soda. One peculiarly painful result of poisoning is that with many people the parts poisoned are liable to be affected for several years afterward at about the same period the disease was originally caught. This plant grows erect as well as decumbent, and in the former case is known as poison oak.

In addition to the aids of the druggist, however, nature is said to have provided a most efficient remedy for *rhus toxicodendron* poisoning, in the shape of the widely spread flower known as "spotted touch-me-not," or "Impatiens fulva." It is also called the "jewel weed," and is very abundant in the water courses during June and July, when the *rhus toxicodendron* and the *rhus venenata* are most poisonous. The color of the flower of "spotted touch-me-not" is a deep orange and the spots are of a reddish-brown. The lip forms a sac, not very much unlike the moccasin flower, and it ends in a curved spur. The seed-pods burst if slightly touched and scatter the seeds all around. To this peculiar property the plant owes its common name. It is also called "noli-me-tangere" and "N'y touchez pas." The remedy is applied by expressing the juices of the plant and applying it to that part of the skin which has been poisoned.

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"What's the funniest thing I ever saw?" repeated the gentleman of sporting tendencies; "well, I guess it was a dead heat in an event where there was only one entry." "How in the world was that?" came from the other side of the store—and when the answer came, "a cremation," the questioner ordered the drinks.—*Philadelphia Press*.

• • •

The new Oriental Room, with its bizarre collection of Asiatic curios, attracts much attention at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust.



Come in from the Rain

and look over
our material for summer clothes. Our method of tailoring has damped the ardor of competitors. We give you what you want, as you want it. Our customers are our best advertisements, but they may hesitate to give you the figures—here they are:

Those well dressed, perfectly fitted, good looking men you meet on the street, that have a \$50.00 air are wearing our \$30.00 suitings—ask them.

MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring Co.

820 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

100 CALLING CARDS PROPERLY PRINTED 35c.

Delivered anywhere without extra charge.
Mail orders promptly filled. Send one
and two-cent stamps.

THOS. P. SMITH & CO.,
105 S. Seventh St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

"A financier is a man who makes lots of money, isn't it, father?" "No, Freddy; a financier is a man who gets hold of lots of money other people have made."—*Our Dumb Animals*.

The Mirror

THE STOCK MARKET.

Another bad bank statement, railroad rate-cutting, flurries in money rates, strikes, crop damage reports and financial disturbances in Europe, together with the customary bear manipulation, have resulted in lower prices in the stock market, and quite heavy liquidation in several active issues. Contrary to common expectations, the return of J. Pierpont Morgan failed to revive bull activity and enthusiasm; some of his special *protégés* fared the worst in the reaction, and the bears seemed to be particularly anxious to hammer the Morgan favorites. The money market did not reflect any decided ease, as a consequence of July disbursements, on the contrary, it rose to 25 per cent. at one time, and there was a general calling of loans by leading New York banks. The bank statement of last Saturday brought the surplus reserves, above legal requirements, down to a little more than \$5,000,000, the lowest level since November, 1900, while the loans failed to disclose any marked reduction. Of course, the statement reflected the shipment of \$600,000, gold to Germany about a week ago, and this, probably, accounted for the loss in specie holdings, at least partially. At this writing, money is again loaning at 4 per cent., and the general belief is that the worst is over, and that the bank statement to be issued this week will be an improvement over preceding ones.

Bears feel quite elated over the persistent reports of damage to the corn crop; they expect a marked reduction in the percentage of condition to be given out by the Government this week. There can, of course, be no doubt any more that the yield of this important staple will show a deficit of several hundred million bushels this year, compared with the yield of 1900, but this will be more than offset by the splendid wheat crop, which breaks all previous records, and gives railroads all the tonnage they can handle. Enthusiastic bears should remember the excruciating lesson they received about a year ago, when they sold Northern Pacific common and St. Paul most industriously, and finally covered at tremendous losses. The railroads in the Northwest did not lose anything by the shortage in the spring wheat yield in 1900; on the contrary, their net earnings continue to show very satisfactory gains from month to month. There may, and probably will, be further declines in Western railroad stocks, but it does seem rather risky and foolish to sell at current quotations, after a decline ranging all the way from 6 to 20 points. The bulls will have their inning again before a great while, and buying on a scale down is strongly recommended by people who have been in this kind of business for many years.

The serious state of affairs in Europe is beginning to be reflected on this side, although it is not considered likely to have any lasting effect on American conditions. The abundance and cheapness of money in London and Berlin are growing more marked every day, on account of the curtailment of business activity and lack of enterprise. Money is now loaning at 3 per cent in Berlin, and there seems to be no further necessity of shipping gold from New York to Germany. Astute observers are inclined to believe that the depression in Europe has seen its worst, and that a slow, though painful, recovery will be recorded from now on. European affairs should be closely watched by American speculators and investors; they are of more im-

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To trade at Humphrey's!
Snap and style to our garments!
Enthusiastic salesmen!
An air of push-aheadness about
the store.
See our window-full of
Men's fine Suits.

\$15-\$18=\$20

You may spy one that you will
want.

Humphrey's

Broadway and Pine St.,
St. Louis.

Heffernan

Art Dealer
and Framer,

Removed to

415 N. BROADWAY

Most Convenient Location
in town.

Chemical Cleaning Works

MILLS & AVERILL.
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BELL MAIN 2197. KINLOCH B 517.

Send a postal or telephone and we will call at your house for garments and return them to you promptly. Suits chemically cleaned and pressed, \$2.00; trousers, 50c. Repairing and dyeing done at moderate charges.

Full Dress Suits to Rent for \$2.50.

"Johnny, what distinguished foreigner aided the Americans in the Revolution?"
Johnny (after a pause)—"God."—N. Y. Life.

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST., ST. LOUIS.

G. H. WALKER & CO.,

310 N. Fourth St., New Stock Exchange Building.

BONDS, STOCKS, GRAIN, COTTON.

Members—New York Stock Exchange,
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DEALERS IN

High Grade Investment Securities.

JOHN F. BAUER.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

A. H. BAUER.

BAUER BROS., STOCK AND BOND BROKERS,

No. 312 N. Fourth Street, Stock Exchange Bldg.

Dealers in HIGH GRADE INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

Mississippi Valley Trust Company

At the Close of Business Saturday,
June 29th, 1901.

RESOURCES.

Demand loans on collateral	\$7,968,156.68
Time loans on collateral	4,045,918.34
Loans on real estate	1,118,226.46
St. Louis city bonds at par	\$13,132,301.48
New York city corporate stock at par	719,000.00
Other bonds and stocks at not over par	950,000.00
Real estate	5,547,173.92
Cash and exchange	320,037.00
Overdrafts	5,598,676.94
Individual debits on general books	985.76
Accrued interest on demand loans	3,817.95
Safe deposit vault	15,247.22
	72,000.00
	\$26,359,240.27

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	\$3,000,000.00
Surplus	3,500,000.00
Undivided profits	513,624.83
Reserve for reinsurance of liability as surety on outstanding bonds	35,966.31
Reserve for interest on savings deposits, payable December 10, 1901	15,000.00
Reserve for taxes	51,000.00
Reserve account subscription to stock of St. Louis World's Fair Association	11,500.00
Dividends unpaid	76,550.00
Time deposits	\$10,673,873.10
Demand deposits	8,481,726.03
	19,155,599.13
	\$26,359,240.27

Dividends amounting to \$150,000 paid to shareholders out of the profits of the past six months.

JULIUS S. WALSH, President.

DELACY CHANDLER, Secretary.

portance than many of us are wont to think. York papers have been corrected and contain

The declaration of a dividend of 1 3/4 per cent on United States Steel preferred and of 1 per cent on the common stock did not lead to any increased buying. Both stocks began to drop as soon as the announcement was made, and have been dropping ever since, the preferred losing about 6 and the common 5 1/2 points. The directors caused considerable disappointment among holders of the common stock by failing to make the dividend on the common quarterly, but it is reported that current advertisements in New

this important qualification, and it is now generally assumed that the common stock is on a 4 per cent basis. The preferred is unquestionably the better purchase, and does not seem to be high at about 94 or 93. Of course, it is an industrial stock, and this militates against it to considerable extent, in the minds of conservative investors. The common is nothing but water; the company may be able to pay an annual dividend on it at the rate of 4 per cent while prosperity lasts, but a shrinkage in earnings would

St. Louis Trust Co.

Capital and Surplus, \$5,000,000.00

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

Safe Deposit Boxes \$5.00 and Upward.

RAILROAD STOCKS AND BONDS,

Bought and sold for cash, or carried on margin. Also

FUTURES IN COTTON, GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

GUY P. BILLON.

Formerly GAYLORD, BLESSING & CO.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker, 307 Olive Street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co.	4	J. D. June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park	6	A. O. April 1, 1905	110 -111
Property (Cur.)	6	A. O. Apr. 10, 1906	110 -111
Renewal (Gld.)	3.65	J. D. Jun. 25, 1907	102 1/2 -103
"	4	A. O. Apr. 10, 1908	105 -107
"	3 1/2	J. D. Dec. 1909	102 -103
"	4	J. J. July 1, 1918	112 -113
"	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
"	3 1/2	M. S. June 2, 1920	104 -106
"	3 1/2	M. N. Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
"	4	M. N. Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
"	4	A. O. Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
"	4	J. D. June 1, 1914	109 -110
"	3.65	M. N. May 1, 1915	104 -106
"	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about.			\$18,856,277
Assessment.			\$352,521,650

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s.	1913 70	-80
Carondelet Gas 6s.	1902 100	-102
Century Building 1st 6s.	1916 103	-105
Century Building 2d 6s.	1917	-60
Commercial Building 1st.	1907 101	-103
" 4 5-20.	M. S. Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20.	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	108 -105
" 4 15-20.	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4 20-25.	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106
3 1/2	J. J. July 1, 1921	101 -103

BANK STOCKS.

	Par Val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	June '01, 3 1/2 SA	250 -252
Boatmen's.	100	June '01, 3 1/2 SA	207 -209
Bremen Sav.	100	July 1901 6 SA	265 -270
Continental.	100	June '01, 8 1/2 SA	238 -238
Fourth National	100	May '01, 5 p.c.	246 -252
Franklin	100	June '01, 4 SA	175 -180
German Savings	100	July 1901, 6 SA	290 -295
German-Amer.	100	July 1901, 20 SA	750 -800
International	100	June 1901 1 1/2 qy	145 -150
Jefferson	100	July 01, 3 p.c.	130 -135
Lafayette	100	July 1901, 5 SA	525 -575
Mechanics'	100	July 1901, 2 qy	231 -233
Merch.-Laclede.	100	June 1901, 1 1/2 qy	226 -230
Northwestern	100	July 1901, 7 SA	130 -150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	July 1901, 2 1/2 qy	298 -299
South Side	100	May 1901, 8 SA	125 -130
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	July 1901, 8 SA	137 -140
Southern com.	100	July 1900, 8 SA	110 -115
State National...	100	July 1901, 1 1/2 qy	181 -183
Third National...	100	July 1901, 1 1/2 qy	223 -226

*Quoted 100 for par.

DEALER IN

Municipal and Local Securities.

Connected by SPECIAL LEASED WIRES with the various exchanges.

307 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

quickly wipe out any surplus on the common and fully reveal its real worth and merit.

The Atchison, T. & S. F. system disturbed a hornets' nest, when it ordered a slashing of rates in territory between Chicago and Missouri River points. It is claimed that small roads have been indulging in a good deal of secret cutting in the last few weeks and encroached seriously upon the Atchison's usual portion of tonnage. The Chicago Great Western is said to be the main culprit, and it is likely that the prevailing rate-war will lead to an absorption of this system by its more powerful rivals. It has so far been able to maintain its independence, but if it persists in its past and present course, it will soon be prevented from doing further mischief.

The directors of the Illinois Central have decided to recommend to the stockholders an increase in the capital stock of \$13,200,000. A vote will be taken at the annual meeting to be held on the 16th of October, and if it results favorably, each holder of five shares will be entitled to subscribe to one share of new stock at par. The present capitalization is \$66,000,000. The proceeds from the sale of the new stock will be devoted to purchases of new equipment and general improvements. Considering the large earnings and general strong financial position of the property, the increase in capital stock cannot be considered unwarranted or as involving injurious consequences.

The Reading strike troubles have not as yet been settled, but the officials appear to be hopeful of an amicable adjustment in the next few days. So far as the strike of employees in the sheet steel plants of the U. S. Steel Co. is concerned, there is strong reason to believe that it will be settled this week, as both sides have adopted a more conciliatory spirit since the return of Mr. Morgan.

The prevalence and spreading of strikes will hardly conduce to the benefit of either side. The strikers seem to be determined to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, and they may have sufficient reason to regret their ill-considered and ill-timed action before a great while. They should remember the deleterious effects which the strike of machinists and engineers had on British trade and industry sometime ago. England has never been able to recover the loss in trade caused by the obstreperous attitude of strikers.

Small traders should keep out of the market at present: there are too many uncertain and perplexing factors influencing the course of values, and predictions as to developments in the near future are of little value. There are some stocks on the list which could, with great propriety, be knocked from 10 to 20 points lower. On the other hand, people with ample funds will make no mistake in buying medium-priced railroad stocks on this and any further declines.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

After showing marked strength, the local bond and stock market began to sympathize in the weakness in Wall street, and prices sagged to a moderate extent. Laclede Gas common was the notable exception. This stock gained about ten points in the past week on rather small transactions, sales being made at 96 1/4 last Saturday. It is now selling at 94 3/4 and 95. Missouri-Edison issues were also stronger, the preferred rising to 60 and the common to 21 1/4. The 5 per cent bonds are unchanged. The lighting issues will undoubtedly go still higher and should be picked up on all weak spots.

Bank and Trust Co. issues are a trifle lower. Mercantile Trust is quoted at 343, Commonwealth at 276 1/2 and Mississippi Valley is firm at 394. Continental Bank is held at 238, and Bank of Commerce at 298 1/2. Title Guaranteed is steady at 155.

Granite-Bimetallic, after suffering a sharp drop, recovered part of the loss and is now salable at \$2.00 per share; Nettie is selling at \$1.05. The news from the mines is very favorable.

Transit rose to 28 1/4, and is now quoted at 27 3/4 bid; United Railways preferred is hanging around 81 3/4; the 4 per cent bonds are dull and somewhat hard to sell at 89 3/4.

Domestic exchange is higher. Sterling is 4.88 1/4; Berlin 95 1/2, and Paris 5.15.

* * *

SPECTACLED RACE-HORSE.

In a race, a few days ago, says the Detroit News, Glade Run wore spectacles. Many horses wear blinkers, but Glade Run was the first thoroughbred to be equipped with real eye-glasses. They were designed by Pittsburg Phil. Glade Run is owned by young McGiel, who is Pittsburg Phil's nephew. The Gravesend track was full of small stones and gravel, which were thrown back with some force by the hoofs of the flying thoroughbreds. Shaw, who rode Glade Run in his races, reported that the horse seemed to be bothered a great deal by dirt and small stones striking him in the eyes. This set Pittsburg Phil to thinking, and the result was the eye-glasses. They are really only an improvement or an addition to the ordinary blinkers.

There is a clear piece of celluloid which comes down from the cup of the blinkers over the eye, thus affording a perfect protection from dust and dirt and at the same time enabling the horse to see perfectly. Glass might be broken by a stone, but the celluloid is not easily fractured. The idea is not a bad one. Especially are the glasses valuable on days when the track is muddy. Often horses who wear the cup blinkers come back with eyes filled with mud. Pittsburg Phil's crude idea may be enlarged and improved into something that may become a permanent fixture.

* * *

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company.

FOURTH AND PINE STREETS

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS, \$7,000,000

DIRECTORS.

ELMER B. ADAMS. G. H. GODDARD. J. RAMSEY, JR.
WILLIAMSON BACON. S. E. HOFFMAN. MOSES RUMSEY.
CHARLES CLARK. CHAS. H. HUTTIG. J. C. VAN BLARCOM.
HARRISON I. DRUMMOND. BRECKINRIDGE JONES. JULIUS S. WALSH.
AUGUSTE B. EWING. WM. F. NOLKER. ROLLA WEILS.
DAVID R. FRANCIS. H. CLAY PIERCE.

RACING AT DELMAR RACE TRACK

Beginning at 2:30 P. M., Rain or Shine.

ADMISSION, Including Grand Stand, \$1.00

THROUGH CARS ON OLIVE STREET, SUBURBAN AND PAGE AVENUE LINES.

DOG AND GOLF BALLS.

Dogs of the Scotch collie variety are useful on a farm, but it is doubtful if a collie, or any other kind of a dog, was ever before in this country put to the use that Greenskeeper Ronk, of the Broome County Country club, near Binghamton, New York, puts his big collie, Jack, every night. Jack served his apprenticeship on a farm near by, and was regarded as one of the best sheep and cow dogs in the county. When Ronk took charge of the golf links at the Country club he made it known in the district round about that he wanted a dog that was capable of learning some new tricks. It wasn't very long before the fame of Jack reached the Country club, and after a little negotiation the collie became the property of the greenskeeper. Members of the club wondered what Ronk wanted of such a fine animal, but to all their queries on the subject Ronk was silent. In addition to taking care of the grounds Ronk does a little business on the side, with club members, in golf clubs and balls. Golf balls are expensive. A good one costs thirty-five cents. It is a stiff price, considering that one is apt to lose half a dozen balls in a day. Every week between two and six dozen balls are lost on the grounds there, and once given up as lost by its owner a ball becomes the property of the first person who runs across it. It was only a week after Ronk got his new collie that the greenskeeper announced that he had for sale a number of second-hand balls, many of them as good as new. He asked only ten cents a piece for them. The members gobbled them up in short order, and there has been a steady demand for Ronk's second-hand balls ever since. The greenskeeper kept the secret of the source of his supply for some time, but it finally got out that he had trained the collie to go out on the course at dusk each night after everybody had quit playing golf for the day and search for lost balls. "He learned the trick mighty quick," said Ronk the other day, "and now I don't even have to go out with him. He starts out as soon as I give him permission, and if I don't call him off he'll keep it up all night. He's enthusiastic over searching for balls, and I never saw anything like him for finding them. As soon as he finds a ball he brings it in to me and starts out again. Only once has he brought two balls in at the same time. I guess he must have found them lying beside one another, else he'd never have done it. Maybe that dog wasn't a good investment! Well, when I tell you that he found fifty-eight balls for me in two nights, and that after spending ten cents'

worth of paint on them I sold them for ten cents a piece, you'll see that he wasn't such a bad speculation after all. I got the notion of training a dog to this work by an article I saw in an English sporting paper about a dog owned by a greenskeeper in Scotland, that did the same work. I paid a price for Jack, but, let me tell you, three times what he cost me will not buy him back again today." — *N. Y. Sun.*

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The finest silk umbrellas, with the most beautiful and stylish handles, \$1.95 to \$40, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

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EXIGENT HUSBANDS.

The unselfishness of married women might be used as the text for a story showing something of the self-abnegation practiced by the matrons. For truly the average matron is a self-denying creature, taking care of her lord's comfort before her own happiness—sometimes.

Thus there was once a woman who delighted in salad dressings made with oil. Before her marriage she was noted for her French dressing and her mayonnaise, and that luncheon and dinner she counted a failure that did not include in its menu some bit of green with its delightfully mixed accompaniment. But Henry didn't like olive oil in anything, and so the woman took to boiled dressings made of eggs and milk, and hasn't bought a drop of oil since she was married, fifteen years ago. It's expensive, she says, and, besides, what's the use of spending money for things "Harry" doesn't eat?

Other wives have for the same cause given up serving lamb, olives, Roquefort cheese, cabbage and all sorts of dessert. "John doesn't like them" apparently to their minds being reason enough for such a course.

One poor lady gave up keeping a cook entirely because her better half became so enamored of her cooking that he could not bear to eat that of anyone else; and another (this sounds almost incredible, but it is quite true) learned to shave her liege lord because he disliked going to the barber's every day and wouldn't shave himself.

The wife of a nervous student forsook music entirely upon her marriage, although she had spent years in Europe perfecting herself on the violin, in recognition of her husband's prejudice against seeing a "fiddle" around. The wives who have renounced Thackeray and Dickens and who have read Darwin, Huxley, Spencer and Mill instead to satisfy their husbands'

FOREST PARK Highlands

ONLY FAMILY RESORT IN TOWN.

HOPKINS' PAVILION.

Two Shows Daily—Rain or Shine.

AL REACH & THE THREE ROSEBUDS,

Comedy Sketch.

SMITH & CAMPBELL,

Up-to-Date Sketch.

MORELAND, THOMPSON AND AMBER,

Comedians, Singers and Dancers.

BROTHERS RIO,

European Gymnastic Marvels.

KELLEY AND VIOLETTE,

Fashion Plate Duo.

BUNTH AND RUDD,

Comedy Sketch.

ADMISSION TO GROUNDS FREE

Reserved Seats, 25c and 10c.

BEAVER LINE.



ROYAL MAIL PASSENGER STEAMERS
Between Montreal and Liverpool and
All European Points.
Lowest Rates and Best Service on all classes.
Regular Weekly Sailing.
MAX SCHUBACH, General Southwestern Agent
110 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

educational impulses are legion, and those who have given up reading almost altogether to do fancy work—their masters have decided that that was the occupation most fitting for women—are also numerous.

It may be that in this day and age femininity is not so easily led in divers ways as were our mothers. But certain it is that those ladies, married sometimes at 16 years of age and frequently at 18 and 20, were molded by their husbands to suit the eccentric ideas of those gentlemen as to what a wife and mother should be. And even in this enlightened period married women make sacrifices without a murmur that, unmarried, they would declare impossible for them.

As for men, if they're selfish in their demands they don't know it, but insist that their one thought is to make their helpmates happy. So perhaps it is, but—it doesn't always look that way.

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Mermod & Jaccard's on Broadway.

NEW SUBURBAN On the Hills.

Enjoy Superb Vaudeville in Solid Comfort.

Twice Daily 2:30 and 8:30 p. m.

LEFEVRE'S SAXAPHONE QUARTETTE.

MACART'S DOG and MONKEY CIRCUS.

STELLA MAYHEW,

Original Black Southern Mammy.

MORELAND, THOMPSON and AMBER,

Artistic Singing and Dancing.

WESTON and ALLEN,

in "The Rent Collector."

OLIE YOUNG and BROTHER,

Hoop Rolling and Club Juggling.

Coming July 14—GALLETI'S MONKEYS; KELLEY and VIOLETTE, fashion plate duo; DOUGHERTY SISTERS, duetists; LEW SULLY, king of minstrelsy; D'ONZO BROTHERS, acrobats; CALLAHAN and MACK, Comedy Sketch

Park free. Theater, evening 10c, 25c, 35c.

No Higher.

ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN. SCENIC R'Y. CAFE CAESAR.

DELMAR GARDEN

Opera Company

Week of July 7, { Marble and Stahl's fine effort

SAID PASHA.

Next Week—Victor Herbert's Greatest Work

"THE IDOL'S EYE."

Sunday Night Prices—25c and 50c.

Saturday Matinee Prices—25c and 50c.

OTHER PERFORMANCES—25c-50c-75c.

Monday evening, July 15,

THE FRENCH FETE

AND

THE IDOL'S EYE.

UHRIG'S CAVE Rain or Shine.

Cooled by Powerful Electric Fans.

Every Eve., 8:30. Saturday Matinee 2:30.

THE MAUDE LILLIAN BERRI OPERA CO.

In an Elaborate Production of Auber's Ever Popular Work

"FRA DIAVOLO."

Reserved seats on sale at A. A. Aal Cloak Co., 515 Locust st., and Ostertag Bros., Florists, Washington and Jefferson aves.

Sunday, July 14,

The Chimes of Normandy.

Grand Ave. Park, THE CHUTES

Grand Avenue and Meramec Street.

Week of July 15th—Maurice Freeman's Company in a Beautiful Production of

SAPHO

Matines Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday. Admission to Park Free. All Cars Transfer.

CRAWFORD'S

Groaning under the weight of an overloaded cargo of Summer Goods, caused by the long-continued wet and cold of the early weeks of both Spring and Summer, we are now throwing all our surplus shipments overboard, regardless of either the owner or the captain's names!! This week's portion of merchandise is more valuable than was exposed for sale last week!! Come and be convinced.

Suit Department.

Women's Waists, Wrappers, Skirts, Jackets, etc., must go at once to make room for fall goods.	
At 98—Ladies' Fine White India Lawn, Sailor-Collar Waists, tucked back, bishop sleeves, were \$1.50 now	98c
At 75c—Ladies' Wrappers, made of a good quality of Percale, deep flounce, epaulets over shoulders, waist lined, bishop sleeves, were \$1.25—now	75c
At \$2.50—Ladies' White French Pique Walking Skirts, large, deep flare flounce tailor-stitched nineteen times, were \$3.98—now	\$5.50
At \$1.48—Polka Dot Dress Skirts, navy blue and white, royal blue and white, ruffles trimmed, soutache braid, were \$2.98—now	\$1.48
At 25c—125 Ladies' Linen Shirt-Waist Jackets, some plain, some trimmed with navy blue or white duck now	25c
At 98c—Ladies' Brown, Tan and Blue Denim Dress Skirts, were \$1.50—now	98c
At \$1.98—Ladies' Tailor-Made Blue, Brown and Tan Denim Walking Skirts, large flare flounce stitched twenty times—worth \$3.98—now	\$1.98
At 98c—Ladies' Black and White Figured Dimity Dressing Sacques, tucked down back—were \$1.75—now	98c
At 95c—Children's Sailor Collar Linen Crash Suits, latest gored skirts, ages 6 to 14 years—worth \$2.00—now	95c

COLORED GOODS.

More Gushers for This Week in Lawns, Batistes, Etc.	
Another lot of those nice style linen-finished Lawns, all fast colors, were 7½c, now	2½c
150 pieces fine Lawns, in fancy blue stripes, on white ground, were 15c, now	6½c
200 pieces black and colored figured fine Batiste, on white ground, all extra quality, were 15c, now	10c
40 pieces high novelties Organdie, on black ground, were imported by Arnold, Constable & Co., New York; regular 39c quality, now	10c
White Dotted Swiss, with black stripes, beautiful embroidered fabric, only	15c
We have just closed out 200 pieces imported Louisine Cords at 50c on the dollar—the finest summer wash dress goods brought to this country—colored figures and stripes, all perfectly fast colors, were 39c, now	15c

SILKS.

SILKS AND GUSHERS.

Printed Silk Foulards, all silk, were 69c, now	39c
Printed Silk Foulards, all silk, extra good quality, were 89c, now	59c
24-inch Black Brocaded India Silk, light weight for summer wear, were 79c, now	59c
44-inch All-Silk Black Grenadine, with narrow stripes, were \$1.25, now	85c

WHITE GOODS.

Remnants of Colored 40 in. Lawns that were 15c and 20c—Clearing Sale Price, per yard.....	5c
Remnants of soiled White Lawns, Nainsooks and Dimities, sold at 12½c, 15c and 20c per yard—choice, to clear out, per yard.....	5c
Pink and blue Pique, were 12½c—now	6c
300 pieces Longfold India Linen, were 7½c—now	4c
Solid Black Pique, also solid green, a little mussed, were 12½c—now	5c
Remnants of Silk Muslin, in navy, were 50c—now, per yard	15c

Lace Curtains.

Wonderful gushers in Lace Curtains from the silent man, who, like George Washington, never told a lie!!	
200 pairs ruffled Swiss Curtains for cottage and bed rooms—were 95c, now, a pair	49c
250 pairs Scotch Lace Curtains, overlocked edge—were \$1.25, now, a pair	79c
300 pairs Scotch Lace Curtains—were \$2.00, now, a pair	\$1.25
Rope Portieres—were \$1.50 and \$1.75, now	\$1.10
Tapestry Derby Portieres—were \$2.00, now, a pair	\$1.25
Silkolines—were 10c, now, yard	5c
Cretonnes and Denims—were 15c, now, yard	7½c
Curtain Swiss—were 12½c—now, yard	7½c
Oil Opaque Window Shades, 3x6, complete—were 35c, now, each	19c
Silk and Wool Fringe—were 15c and 20c, now, yard	5c
Pillow Cord—were 10c and 12½c, now, yard	5c

FREEZERS.

XX Century Ice Cream Freezers.	
No crank, no labor—just freezes itself.	
Costs less than any other Freezer, uses less ice and salt; can serve the cream in slices. Our seventh week of a successful demonstration. Telegraphed the factory four times last week, and then could not keep up with the demand. A car load this week. Come and see it freeze—get a taste of the cream. Demonstration first floor at the Fountain.	
Prices \$1.50 \$1.75 and \$2.00	

MILLINERY.

Our trimmed hats for this sale are clean and up to date in style and workmanship—every lady can have a hat—Your choice of our \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.50 for	\$1.75 and \$1.00
Hats—500 assorted shapes and colors to select from—	
for	for 19c
Shirt waist hats—Assorted trimmings and styles—worth \$2.95—for	\$1.49
Sailors—In white only—Knox block—for	25c
Leghorn hats—For Girls and Boys—Buttercup style—	
worth 50c—for	25c
Tam O'Shanters in fancy duck cloth—for	25c
Mull hats and caps—Assorted lot—Your choice for	25c
Roses—500 bunches of Roses to close out—worth 49c	
—for	19c
Roses—American Beauty—Your choice for	2c
Foliage—100 bunches to close out—worth 19c—for	5c

DOMESTICS.

4 cases yard-wide Bleached Muslin, soft without dressing, were 7c a yard, now, yard	4½c
75 pieces double-width Sheeting, unbleached, 9-4 wide, medium weight, fine quality, were 19c a yard, now, yard	11½c
3000 yards Bleached Muslin, 4-4 wide, extra fine and heavy, finished soft and without dressing, were 10c a yard, now, yard	7½c
500 dozen ready-made Pillow Cases, size 42x36 with 2-inch hem, made of full width muslin; torn, not cut; were 15c each, now, each	10c
200 dozen ready-made Bleached Sheets, full size, 81x90; 2-inch hem at top, and 1-inch hem at bottom; made of one of the best brands of sheeting, were made to sell at 69c each, now, each	50c
125 pieces 9-4 wide Bleached Sheeting, full width, good heavy quality, made to sell at 22½c yard, now, yard	15c
2500 yards extra fine Cambric Muslin for Ladies' fine undergarments, were 11c a yard, now, yard	8½c
3 cases 10-4 wide Bleached Sheeting, full width and heavy quality, were 25c a yard, now, yard	17½c
3 bales extra fine Sea Island Unbleached Muslin, yard wide, were 7c a yard, now, yard	5c

BLACK GOODS.

Black Lawns and Organdies.	
Black Lace Lawns, just the goods for summer wear—	
were 20c, now	9c
Black and White Lawns—were 15c now	10c
Black Stripe Hemstitched Lawns—were 25c, now	15c
54-inch Black Mohair Brilliantine—were \$1.25, now	85c

GAS STOVES.

The Favorite Gas Range has no superior—nice finish, easily cleaned, removable burner and oven plates.	
Burns 80 per cent free air. Set up and connected on first floor for	\$12.00
10c a day and a small cash payment buys one of these ranges.	

REPRINTED BY REQUEST.

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks
It sails; and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
Overlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls,
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon the liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A cooling sense
A joy intense,
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies,—
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

You deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snow;—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upraises me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

* * *

"Why do you not eat your apple, Tommy?"
"I'm waiting till Johnny Briggs comes along.
Apples tastes much better when there's
some other fellow to watch you eat 'em."—

Til-Bits.

* * *

Fine diamonds, Mermad & Jaccard's.

The Mirror

WIFE NO 1 SUES WIFE NO 2.

A man's first wife suing his second wife for alimony. This queer action has been brought in Milwaukee against Mrs. Mary Alice Durant Pennington by Mrs. Mary J. Pennington; who, a year ago, got a divorce from E. J. Pennington. Mrs. Mary J. Pennington asserts that \$1,625 alimony is due her, which the second Mrs. Pennington pledged her property to pay when she took Pennington for better or worse. The action is brought because the second Mrs. Pennington owns much property on which she can be attached. It is rumored that the suit will not be defended, for Mr. and Mrs. Pennington are in Europe, were they may pass much of their time. Pennington is an inventor and a promoter. His most noted project was an airship that was to fly like a bird. Chicago capital was interested, a company with millions on paper was organized. The air-ship was shown in an old building of the Chicago exposition and caused much wonder until an expert on aeronautics proved it could not fly. It was taken to St. Louis and was last heard of, in 1893, at Belleville, Ill. Another of Pennington's inventions is the war automobile, iron-clad and carrying rapid fire guns. Pennington first met his second wife in London. His first wife engaged detectives to watch them, and she got a divorce from Pennington in Chicago, February 5, 1900. Pennington paid her \$4,500 in cash and made an agreement to pay her \$125 a month as long as she lives. The then Mrs. Alice Durant guaranteed the payment of this alimony. She and Pennington were married last fall.

* * *

Society stationery, Mermad & Jaccard's.

* * *

According to *Harper's Magazine*, a certain teacher of English in a school of high rank in her native State, Mississippi, who in spite of her vivacity in conversation, is perhaps, if anything, too fastidious in her choice of words, was spending the summer at the New York Chautauqua. Her flow of spirits made her the delight of the dining-table at which she was first seated, but at the end of a fortnight she was moved by her landlady to another place. A lady from Boston who had been sitting opposite the Southerner expressed her regret at the change. "I am so sorry you are going to leave us," she said, with warmth; "we have all enjoyed your dialect so much."

* * *

**EVERY LADY
SHOULD COMPETE
FOR THIS PRIZE.**

"The HENDERSON ROUTE" is publishing a book of smart sayings of little children under the age of five years, and in order to get data for this publication they are offering two prizes. For the smartest saying a prize of ten dollars in gold will be given, and for the next smartest saying five dollars in gold.

In order to receive recognition all sayings forwarded must be accompanied with the full name, address and age of the child.

A competent committee will have the contest in charge, and the winners will be promptly notified.

All sending in sayings will receive a copy of the book, without cost, when published, which will be handsomely bound, and contain in addition to the interesting sayings of the wee tots, a select number of fine half-tone pictures of children.

Address all letters to Mr. L. J. Irwin, General Passenger Agent, "Henderson Route," Louisville Ky."



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Colorado's mountains with 130 snow-capped peaks, each over 14,000 feet high, form a panorama of nature's scenic masterpieces. Her canons and gorges reveal abysmal depths. While the mountain climber risks his life on the Jungfrau for a view of sunrise, thousands of tourists may easily reach the summits of Pike's Peak or Marshall Pass and from them look out over regions of indescribable wildness for a radius of a hundred miles and watch the eastern sun paint the weird topography in countless hues.

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For illustrated publications on Scenic Colorado, her health resort's, stopping places, rates, etc., apply at City Ticket Agent, Burlington Route, S. W. Corner Broadway and Olive Streets, or write the General Passenger Agent, 604 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo.

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City Ticket Office, Northwest Corner Broadway and Olive Street

Town Topics says:

"THE NEW YORK CENTRAL"

IS THE

"National Railroad of America."

In its issue of May 9, 1901, this item appears:

"In the special issue of postage stamps to advertise the Buffalo Exposition the Post Office Department has done honor to the New York Central Railroad, the greatest mail carrier in the world. The one-cent stamp represents the lake navigation with which the Central railroad connects; the two cent stamp, the famous Empire State Express train; the four-cent stamp, the automobiles used in the Central Railroad cab service; the five-cent stamp, the Niagara Falls bridge, past which the Central trains dash; the eight-cent stamp, the locks at Sault Ste. Marie, through which the Central Road steamers pass, and the ten-cent stamp, the ocean steamers with which the New York Central Lines connect and ticket passengers to every part of the globe. This unprecedented recognition by the Government establishes the New York Central as the National railroad of America."

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CORRESPONDENTS or
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The Bulletin Press Association, New York



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The Crisis, Winston Churchill, \$1.15; Blue Shirt and Kahi, Archibald, \$1.20; Puppet Crown, Harold MacGrath, \$1.20; Career of a Beauty, John Strange Winter, \$1.20; Mousme, Clive Holland, \$1.20; Ensign Knightley, A. E. W. Mason, \$1.20. Books by mail, 10c extra. Also a complete assortment of paper-covered novels and periodicals. Subscriptions taken for all publications at JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive street.

OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

A. J. CRAWFORD,
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INDIGESTION OF LONELINESS.

In an article entitled "The Indigestion of Loneliness," a writer in *The Lancet* (London, May 25) tells us that one of the reasons why it "is not good for man to be alone" is that lack of company at dinner will cause his food to disagree with him. He says:

"There are some few happily disposed individuals who can dine alone and not eat too fast, nor too much, nor too little. With the majority it is different. The average man puts his novel or his paper before him and thinks that he will lengthen out the meal with due deliberation by reading a little with, and more between, the courses. He will just employ his mind enough to help, and too little to interfere with digestion. In fact, he will provide that gentle mental accompaniment which, with happier people, conversation gives to a meal. This is your solitary's excellent idea. In reality he becomes engrossed in what he is reading, till suddenly finding his chop cold he demolishes it in a few mouthfuls; or else he finds that he is hungry, and, paying no attention to the book, which he flings aside, he rushes through his food as fast as possible, to plunge into his armchair and literature afterward. In either case the lonely man must digest at a disadvantage. For due and easy nutrition food should be slowly taken and the mind should not be intensely exercised during the process. Every one knows that violent bodily exercise is bad just after a meal, and mental exertion is equally so. Wise people do not even argue during or just after dinner, and observation of after-dinner speeches will convince any one that most speakers neither endure themselves nor excite in their hearers any severe intellectual effort. In fact, the experience of countless generations, from the Red Indian of the woods to the white-shirted diners of a modern party, has perpetuated the lesson that a man should not eat alone, nor think much at this time, but should talk and be talked to while he feeds. Most people do not think much when they talk, and talking is a natural accompaniment of eating and drinking."

Women, we are told, fare even worse than men when obliged to make a solitary meal. A man may generally be trusted to take food enough, even if alone; but a woman "is less inclined to realize the gross necessities of existence; therefore, when doomed to dine alone, she often does not dine at all." Says the writer further:

"She gets dyspepsia because her digestion has not sufficient practice; a man gets it because his functions practice it too often in the wrong way. Worst of all, perhaps, is the case of the solitary cook. In the myriads of small flats in London there are thousands of women 'doing' for their solitary masters or mistresses. These women, whose main occupation is to prepare food for others, find it impossible to enjoy, or even to take, food themselves. As confectioners are said to give their apprentices a free run of the stock of the shop for the first few days, knowing that it will effectually cure appetite afterward, so the women who are always occupied with buying and preparing food grow unable to use it for themselves. These people suffer from dyspepsia, which is cured if somebody else manages their kitchen for a week, allowing them to take meals without preparing them. It needs no moralist to declare the evils of solitariness. Man and woman is a gregarious animal. Physically and intellectually we improve with companionship. Certainly

it is not good to eat and to drink alone. It is a sad fact of our big cities that they hold hundreds of men and women who in the day are too busy and at night too lonely to feed with profit, much less with any pleasure."

PHOTOS FROM THE SLOT.

Matthew J. Steffens, a Chicago photographer, has invented and patented an automatic "nickel-in-the-slot" photographing machine which will make a complete picture in twenty seconds. The machine is called the "photographist," and is as simple as it is remarkable. It is the first automatic picture-making machine which has been perfected in the world, and Mr. Steffens looks for large results from the invention. He will not manufacture and sell the machines himself, but will sell the right or franchise for the different States and cities to individual companies which will place them on the market. He has already sold several "rights" in New York and elsewhere, and is at present negotiating with a firm in Buffalo which is anxious to introduce the machine at the Pan-American Exposition. Mr. Steffens says that the invention has cost him about eighteen thousand dollars. He got out his first patent in 1890, but he has been working steadily on the machine ever since, and has succeeded in bringing it to a high state of perfection.

TO CHURCH IN EVENING DRESS.

Whether it be the novelty of the thing or not, full dress at evening services, as instituted by Dr. Ker Gray in St. George's chapel, in Albemarle street, London, for the benefit of society, is proving a great success. The reverend doctor took the idea into his head that if society people could finish dinner in time to go to the theater at half past 8 or 9 o'clock, why not to church? So he changed the hour from 7 to 9, inviting people to come in evening dress. The idea caught on. Ladies delighted to go, just as much as to the opera. Now the doctor preaches weekly to rows of lovely toilettes and sparkling diamonds. In fact, it is already considered quite the thing to go St. George's of a Sunday evening after dinner.

The best of all remedies, and for over sixty years, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 1840-1901.



Sonnets to a Wife.



By Ernest McGaffey.



IN response to demand by those who read Mr. Ernest McGaffey's sequence of seventy sonnets while they were appearing in the St. Louis MIRROR, they have been put into dainty and delightful book-form.

The editor of the MIRROR, Mr. William Marion Reedy, has, at the request of the sonneteer, written a few pages of foreword for the edition.

Of this sequence of sonnets the editor of *Current Literature*, Mr. Bayard Hale, wrote an appreciation as introduction to a selection of the verses in the April issue of that periodical. In that article Mr. Hale said the sonnets celebrate "in an almost Hellenic stateliness of phrase, with a restrained jubilance, with a vigor of robust thought cast into a rare exquisiteness of form, the tranquil delights of wedded life."

"The immemorial story has been sung by the long line of poets. The transports of passion have not waited till now for description. But—this sonnet-sequence having now reached its conclusion—we record the deliberate doubt whether the sheer peace, the simple, sane, satisfying joy of wedlock has ever found nobler expression.

"The restfulness of love, the strength in comradeship, the deepening of trust, the gathering delight of common recollections, the grace of remembered days and kisses, the thrill of united hopes—all this, as it becomes conscious of itself, its wonder and glory—this is what these sonnets sing. The experiences of life may have been commonplace—all the more are they human. Always indeed beneath them is the marvel of existence, and beyond them is the mystery of death, and around them is the sacrament of nature.

"But under no heavier shadows than those of reverie the mated lovers walk together through fields and woods, reviewing and accepting the earth and their own natures, loving the winds, the stars and the grasses as sharers in the 'equable ecstasy' of living, loving and being loved.

"Love may have deeper fashions. The element of tragedy may be necessary to glorify it utterly. Love may be a finer thing when it strengthens itself and loves the more because it is unrequited, because it is undeserved, because it is unavailing—gathering out of some such splendid sorrow its crown of joy. But of its serener and more desired delights we have now an expression which is, as the MIRROR declares, 'wholly sweet and reconciling.'"

Such an appreciation from such an authoritative source justifies the further assertion by another critic that no such body of original verse has been put forth in America in the last quarter of a century or more. Every one will wish to read

SONNETS TO A WIFE.

The price of the volume is \$1.25.

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The Mirror

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